

FACE

DRAWER

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APPEARANCE

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Abraham Lincoln's Appearance

Face

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

PRESIDENTIAL SMILES.—There are certain persons in Washington who observe closely the President's countenance, and telegraph to the Press from time to time the result of their observations. If Mr. LINCOLN smiles and looks joyful, it is evident he has some good news, which the public will learn by and by. If he looks glum and dismal, it is because he has ominous tidings locked up in his bosom. We always look upon such signs dubiously—knowing that the President's facial muscles are much more likely to be affected by the state of his stomach than by the condition of the country. It appears they also have people in Richmond who watch JEFF. DAVIS' face, and, in lack of other news, report to the rebels what they find there. It is evident that they, too, sometimes make a fearful miss; for they report that on the 18th ult., the great traitor was seen to smile and heard to make a very gleeful remark concerning affairs at Vicksburgh. Now, of all the days in the present year, the 18th of May was the day when JEFF. DAVIS should *not* have smiled, if his smiles were to be taken as true indexes of his suc-

cesses. For, on the day before, Gen. GRANT had defeated the rebel army at Vicksburgh, after having previously inflicted upon them a quartette of defeats; and on that very day he moved up to Vicksburgh, captured Haines' Bluff, and effected the investment of the place. We wish the reporter had told us on *which* side of his face JEFF. smiled, then or subsequently; and if our Washington friends would also be a little more particular as to the precise character of Mr. LINCOLN's "smiles," they would confer additional obligations on an anxious and distracted country.

FAMOUS NOSES A PROBLEM

FIXING OF LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS STATUES PUZZLES.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., Oct. 4.—Pictures of Lincoln and Douglas are in demand by the board of education to determine which had the longer nose. The janitor of the high school building has replicas of the two noses, but is unable to tell to which statue each belongs. The statues of Lincoln and Douglas occupy space in the front lawn of the high school, and the weather has washed the staff until the noses, with other members, have fallen off. The school board will have the statues repaired if the nose problem can be solved.

1906



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph taken after the announcement of the first Emancipation Proclamation

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF LINCOLN

BY

TRUMAN H. BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Truman H. Bartlett, the author of this paper, is a sculptor who has made a lifelong study of physiognomy and facial forms. At an early date he became interested in the subject of Lincoln portraiture, and acquired one of the most complete collections of Lincoln portraits in this country.

From 1867 to 1881 he lived in Rome and Paris. During this period he gave special attention to the study of the physiognomy of Lincoln, interesting in the subject some of the most eminent French sculptors of the time, — Frémiet, Rodin, and Barye.

Among his writings have been an authoritative biography of the sculptor Rimmer, and an important series of articles upon the work of Millet and of Rodin. He is at the present time lecturer on sculpture and instructor of modeling at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. — EDITOR.



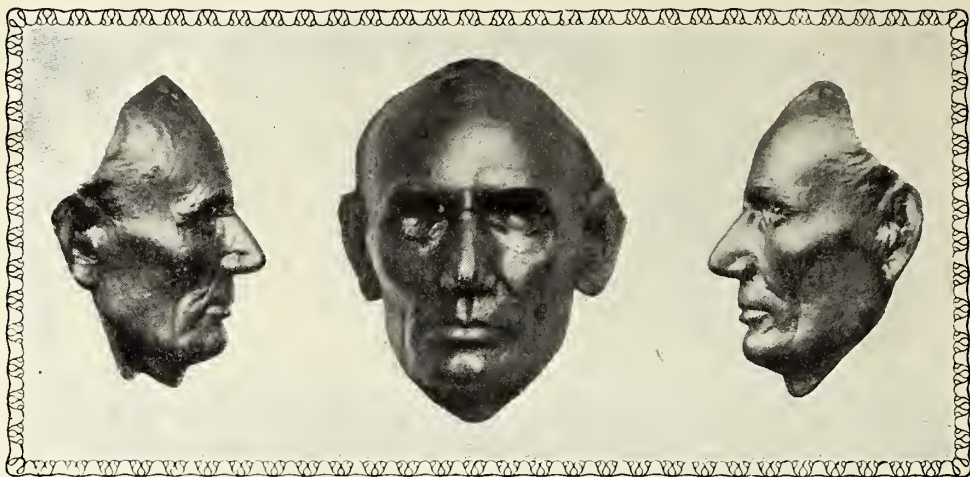
It is the popular belief, the world over, that Abraham Lincoln was in face and figure, in action or repose, an excessively ugly man. It is doubtful if any human being known to history has been the subject of such complete and reiterated description, by high and low, friend and enemy. The vocabulary employed to describe him includes about every word in common use in the English language, the meaning of which is opposed to anything admirable, elegant, beautiful, or refined. The words used to set forth the physical appearance of this personage, now rated by imposing fame as one of the Great of the Earth, gather, when assembled, a new and affecting interest.

From the time Abraham Lincoln was fourteen years of age, then more than six feet high and weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, until he was nominated for the Presidency, he was locally known by the following pleasing characterizations: — "angular," "ungainly," "clumsy," and "gaunt"; "awkward," "thin," "leggy," and "gawky." His clothes and his unconventional movements and manners have received a similarly unflattering description.

Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who was with Lincoln occasionally during the Douglas debates, says that it was a standing joke of his that there was one "homelier" man in Illinois than himself, and that was his friend,

Archie Williams, of Quincy, who, he said, had carried the ugly man's jack-knife for twenty years without meeting a successful competitor for it, and, he reckoned, would carry it as long as he lived, though when Archie died it would descend to himself. But Lincoln got his jack-knife before death got Archie. "I was accosted on the cars" — so he told the story — "by a stranger, who said, 'Excuse me, sir, I have an article in my possession which belongs to you.' 'How is that?' I asked, considerably astonished. The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This knife,' he said, 'was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man uglier than myself. I have to say, sir, that I think you are fairly entitled to the property.'"

Only once in his life, perhaps, did Lincoln become painfully conscious of the miserable appearance of his clothes, and that was when he came to New York in 1860 to make his Cooper Institute speech. He brought with him a new suit of black and had it on when he was waited upon by the representatives of the Republican Club. He noticed the difference between their well-cut, smooth-fitting garments and his ill-fitting and badly wrinkled ones, and spoke of it freely to them. On his return to Springfield he told Herndon, his law partner, that for some time after he began his speech, and until he became warmed up, he imagined that the audience were noticing the contrast between his rude Western clothes and the neat and well-made



LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN IN BRONZE

This mask, made shortly before Lincoln's first nomination to the Presidency, is the first reliable contribution to the material upon which a safe examination of the forms of his face can be made. "It is a perfect reproduction of Lincoln's face, and greatly beautiful in its human style and gravity."—See page 397

suits of Mr. Bryant and others who sat on the platform. But this annoyance was of short duration, and he made no effort while in the East to improve his appearance.

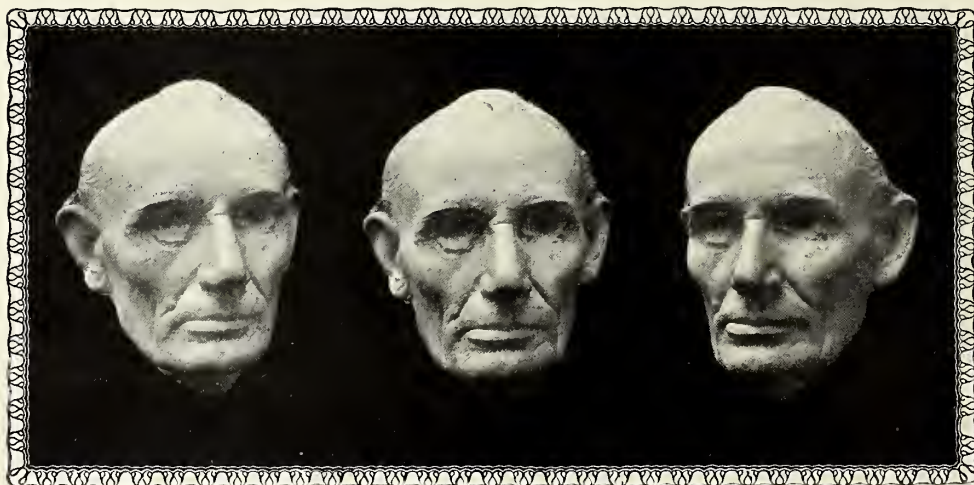
Almost the only person who has publicly written against the popular belief concerning Lincoln's personal appearance is Hon. J. G. Nicolay, the President's private secretary and subsequent co-biographer, who says that to him "there was neither oddity, eccentricity,

awkwardness, nor grotesqueness in his face, figure, or movement"; that, on the contrary, "he was prepossessing in appearance when the entire man was fairly considered, mentally and physically, unusual height and proportion, and general movement of body and mind."

He also states that Lincoln's walk "was vigorous, elastic, easy, rather quick, firm, and dignified; no shuffling or hesitating; he had a large swing in his movement; and when

LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN IN PLASTER

"A projecting face with unusual vigor and contrasts of planes, a strong, angular lower jaw, and high chin. The fullness above the temples not only gives an important contrast to the line of the face below, but finishes that part of the head with a commanding outline."—See page 401





LINCOLN'S HANDS IN BRONZE

The creases on the inside are, like all made on Lincoln's face, of different form and character from those on any other good hand in life action. They are the most positive and evident illustrations of the peculiarity of Lincoln's skin and surface muscles. The inside and back views of the left hand are quite as original and unique as anything about their owner.—See page 405

announcing a great thought that he wished to impress upon his hearers, he would straighten up to an impressive height."

Mr. Nicolay gives this as his impression of Lincoln's appearance without seeking to corroborate it by any fact of physical construction. If the words quoted at the beginning of this paper were to be taken, as they have been by the world, as final and conclusive, and there were nothing else than the uncorroborated opinion

of Mr. Nicolay to assist in further examination, there would be no way out of the belief that Lincoln was an "awfully homely" man,—a human frame cruelly proportioned, with articulations orderless, aimless, and unpleasant, housing a wonderful heart and mind. But the truth is that these words were, in the large majority of cases, only parts of sentences, or parts of a thoughtless general summing up of the personal appearance of the man, while the other parts

THE GREEK JOVE AND THE MASKS OF LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON

"The Lincoln mask does not lose in character by a comparison with the profile views of Washington and the Greek Jove, the last being regarded as the most majestically impressive face in existence. Washington's head is a perfect example of its type"





From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF LINCOLN'S FACE

"Except for the nose and the way the head sets on the shoulders, these heads would hardly be taken by the ordinary observer as belonging to the same person." — See page 405

included words indicative of beautiful physical qualities, or statements of mental and physical relationships admirable, significant, and suggestive.

Nor are these desirable qualities and relationships isolated ones, affecting single members of the body; they are intimately connected with the whole physical structure and furnish evidence that it was different from the physique first described. The excellences of Lincoln's appearance may be classed under two heads:— facial expression, and general movement of the body.

The following descriptions of Lincoln's eyes were spoken or written without qualification, and are taken from a large number of sources, many of them being the recollections of women:—

"Soft, tender, bluish eyes"; "—Two bright, dreamy eyes that seem to gaze through you without looking at you"; "—Patient, loving eyes"; "—The kindest eyes ever placed in mortal head"; "—His eyes had an expression impossible to describe, as though they lay in deep caverns, ready to spring out at an instant call"; "—The saddest face that ever was seen—sadness seemed to drip from him as he walked"; "—A sad, preoccupied, far-away look, so intense that he seemed to be in a trance"; "—Inexpressible sadness in his eyes,

with a far-away look, as if they were searching for something they had seen long, long years ago"; "—Melancholy eyes that seemed to wander far away."

The rapid change of expression in Lincoln's eyes and face is thus set forth:—

"His little gray eyes flashed in a face aglow with the fire of his profound thoughts, and his uneasy movements and diffident manner sank themselves beneath the waves of righteous indignation that came sweeping over him." "—His eyes flashed with pleasure, and his sad countenance lighted up and became almost beautiful." "—The dull, listless features dropped like a mask. The melancholy shadow disappeared in a twinkling. The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, and the whole countenance was wreathed in animation." "—When affected by humor, sympathy, or admiration for some heroic deed or sacrifice for the right, his face changed in an instant, the hard lines faded out of it, and the emotion seemed to diffuse itself all over him. His sad face of a sudden became radiant; he seemed like one inspired."

Several of Lincoln's friends to whom I wrote for early photographs of him answered that they had none, because no picture represented the light that was in his eyes when he was listening or speaking, and in such aspects alone did they

wish to remember him. And one added: "It was then only that he was in the world."

Of Lincoln's naturalness, native dignity, and grace, this is said:—

"He had perfect naturalness, a native grace which never failed to shine through his words and acts." "—He had the gentleness of the unspoiled child of nature." "—He had a dignity of bearing and character that commanded respect." "—Natural grandeur of demeanor."

Lincoln was awkward, he replied:—"Yes, he was awkward, but with an elegance that a king might envy, and common men despise. He moved with an ease that was in the highest degree impressive, and with a grace of nature that would have become a woman."

There is no difference of opinion in regard to the change that came over Lincoln's appearance from the time he began to address an audience until he became warmed up. At first he appeared



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LINCOLN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN MARCH 9, 1864

"The most impressively proportioned picture ever taken of Lincoln. It is a head that will hold its own in space. In this rare respect it belongs with the few faces that are inherently decorative."—See page 405

"—A natural gentleman." "—He had a wonderful countenance, easy dignity, and ever present tact." "—He always maintained a singular dignity and reserve without the least effort." "—He was awkward, but it was the awkwardness of nature, which is akin to grace."

When I asked a Boston man, the closest observer, in matters of men and art, that I ever knew, if he thought, as most people did, that

somewhat awkward, diffident, and uneasy; but as soon as he got hold of his subject, or it had got hold of him, he was another man. He seemed inspired, and was immensely imposing and dignified.

He is thus described:—"The act of expressing a great sentiment or concluding a fine period transformed Lincoln's awkwardness, uncouthness, and boorishness into beauty and nobility

of bearing. In making a speech on a subject that deeply interested him, he often quivered all over with emotion nearly stifling his utterance."

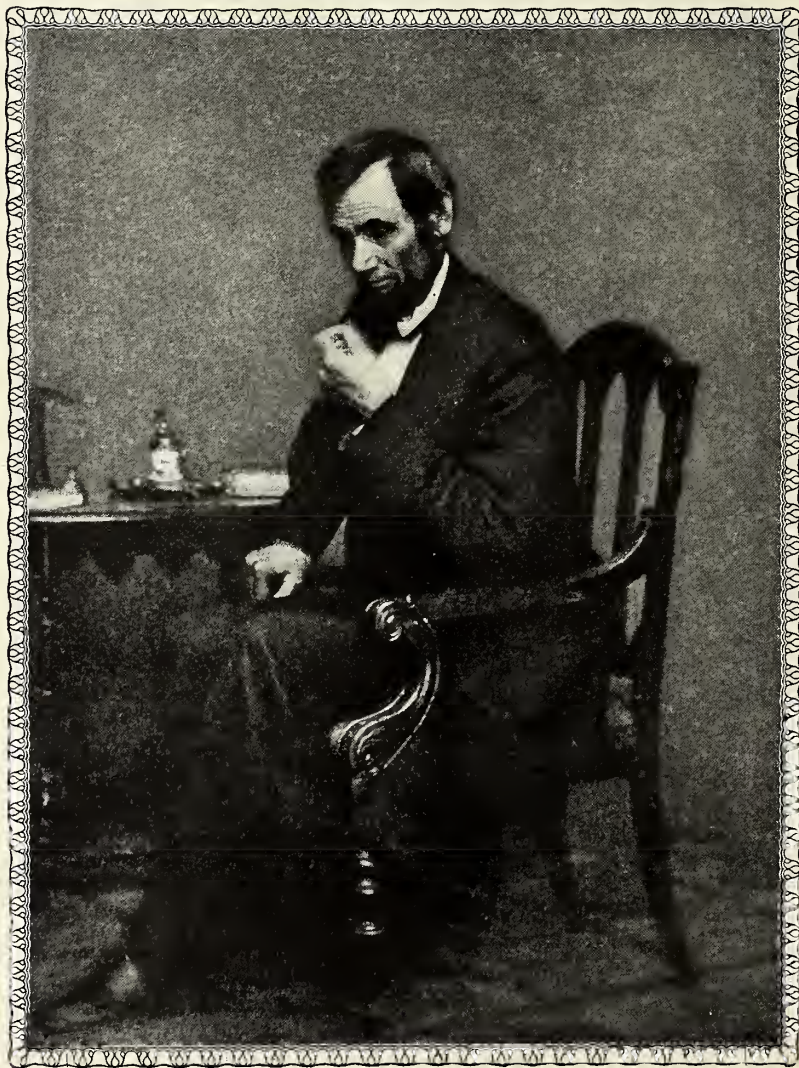
Of Lincoln's stretching-up capacity, or vertical elasticity, there is also no difference of opinion, and this, as the artist knows, is a quality marked only in people of the highest physical construction. That he could stretch up to a height beyond his usual stature is well authenticated.

In interesting conjunction with Lincoln's facial and physical transformations — the ready expression of a rich and sensitive emotional nature — may be placed his great muscular strength and activity, and the terrible character of his anger

when aroused by injustice to himself or to a friend, though he was averse to any combative exercise of his strength save in a friendly wrestle, or to help some one in trouble.

Now we come to the crucial questions: Do not the beautiful character of Lincoln's eyes, the sudden and peculiarly impressive change in his facial expression, his unusual power of stretching up, or vertical elasticity, and the rapidity and strength of his bodily movement, suggest the idea that there were admirable qualities in his physical make-up not included in the popular belief? It seems to me that these things suggest a splendidly sensitive, responsive, and powerful system of nerves, — a muscular organization of a rare and superior kind, — and that instead of

AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN





LINCOLN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE SUNDAY BEFORE THE
GETTYSBURG SPEECH

"A great portrait, — a great ready-made statue or picture. As such it ranks with the best portraits in any art." — See page 405

high intellectual and emotional qualities incased in an ill-assorted body, it will be found that there was an admirable body and a deep harmony between the outer and inner man. An examination of the portraits of Lincoln will help to make this apparent.

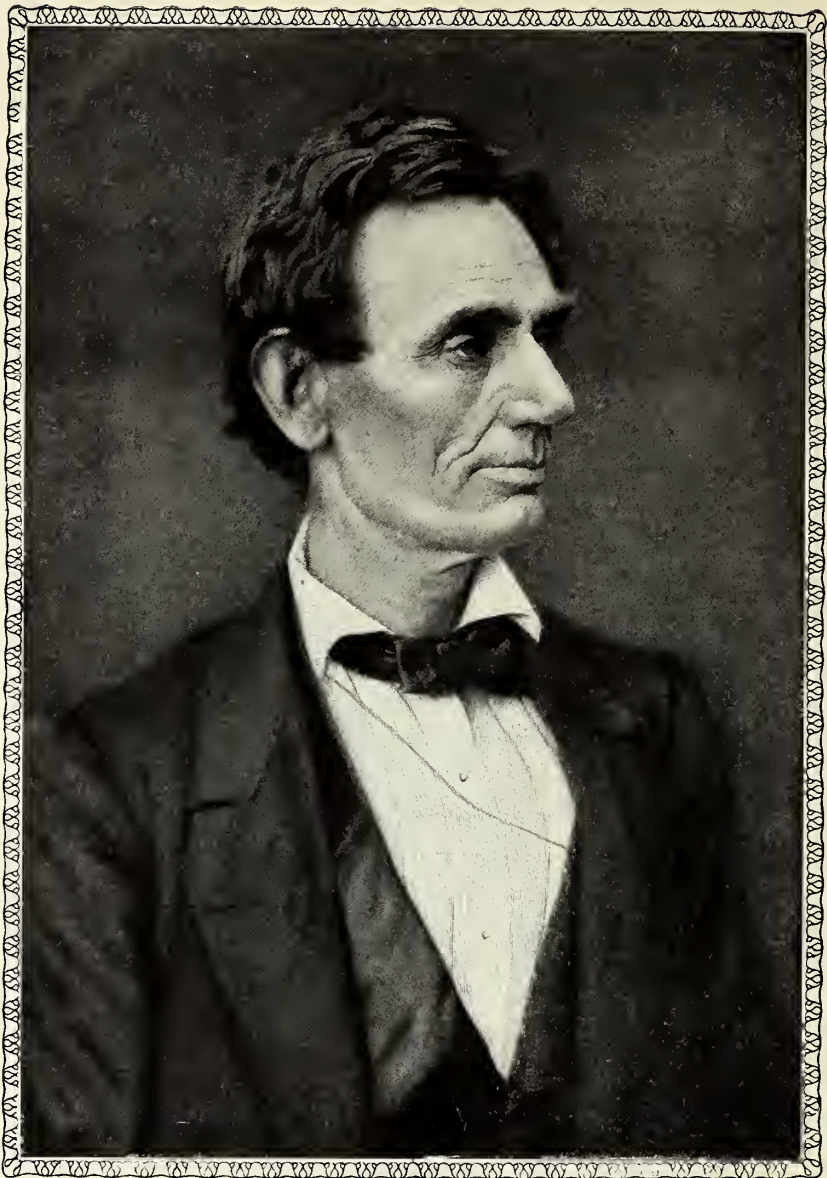
It is doubtful if any personage in history has had as many portraits made from life in the short space of seven years — by human workers in oil and clay, by sunlight in photographs, ambrotypes, and tintypes — as Abraham Lincoln. It began during the Douglas debates in 1858, became a campaign necessity in Springfield the second day after his nomination, and continued almost without interruption until forty days before he breathed his last.

Not the least part of the interest of these portraits is the great variety of circumstance, observation, and diversity of time and place

connected with their origin ; in other words, the how and why they came into existence, the history of their travels, and the peculiarities concerning their ownership. This, sought out in all its varied and unusual details, forces upon one the temptation to regard it as providential.

Mr. L. W. Volk, a Chicago sculptor, was the first artist to whom Lincoln sat for his portrait — a bust, finished a month or two before the Chicago convention. An event occurred in the progress of making this bust that may be justly called the second most important in the history of American portraiture — the taking of a most perfect mask of the future President's face; the other being a like process with the face of Washington, in 1785, by the French sculptor Houdon.

This Lincoln mask (see page 392) is the first reliable contribution to the material upon which a safe examination of the forms of his face can

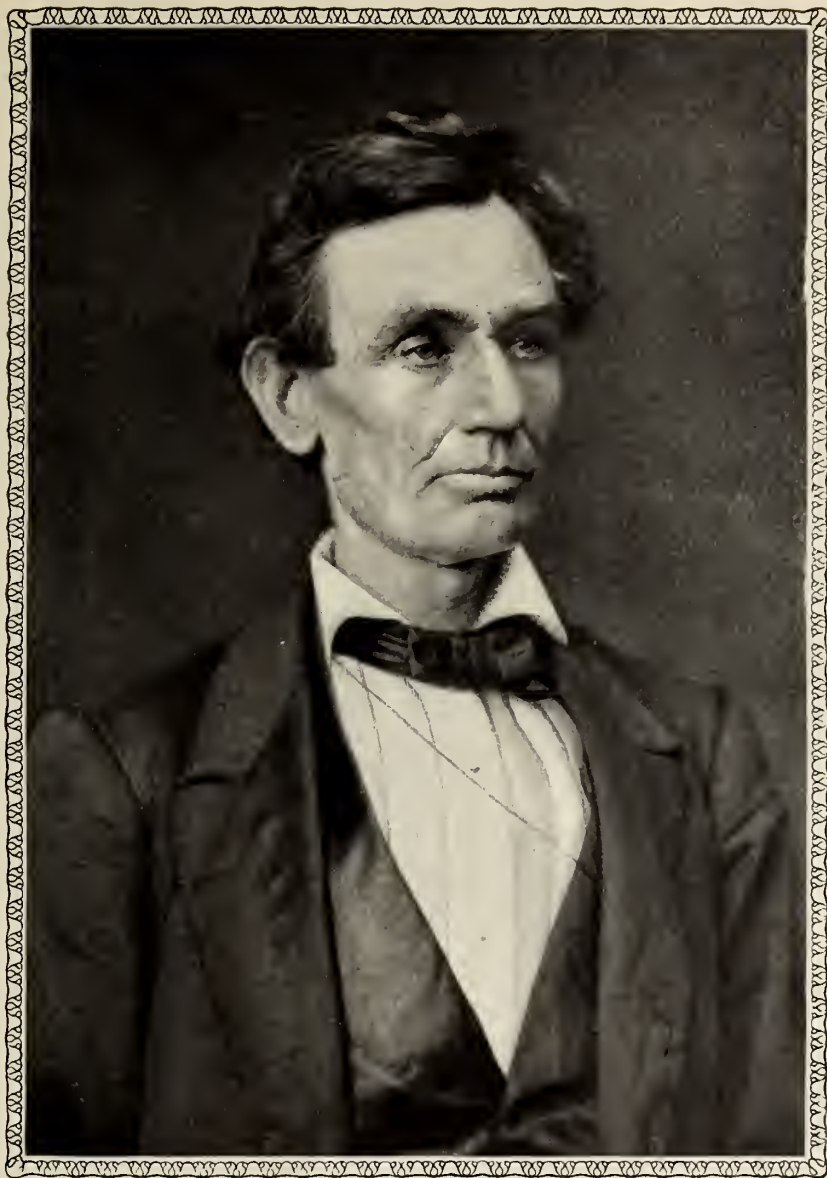


These two photographs of Abraham Lincoln were taken for campaign purposes at Springfield, Illinois, in June, Ayres who, after the custom of the "wet photography" of those days, began to clean the glass plates to prepare Mr. Ayres was about to wash these negatives like the others, but the President's recent assassination induced which consumed the Hesler gallery the following year and from the Chicago conflagration of 1871. The

be made. The photographs, ambrotypes, and tintypes made before and after he became President are also a valuable contribution. All this, with casts of both his hands, taken a few days after his nomination, completes what there is of unquestionable material by which to judge of the character of Lincoln's face, figure, and physical movement.

It is to Frenchmen that is due the credit of first seeing the true beauty of the life mask, of

appreciating it and describing it. When I took a plaster copy, in 1877, to the oldest Paris bronze-founder to get it cast in bronze, I put it down on a table side by side with a mask of the Abbé Laménais. The first words of the founder were:—"What a beautiful face! Why, it's more beautiful and has more character than the Abbé's, and we think that is the handsomest one in France! What an extraordinary construction, and what fine forms it has!" Then he asked



1860, by Alexander Hesler of Chicago. After Hesler's death in 1865 his collection was purchased by George B. them for new films. The photographs of Lincoln with a beard had so superseded his earlier portraits that him to save them. In 1867 Mr. Ayres moved his collection to Buffalo, and so preserved them from a fire negatives were totally forgotten by Mr. Ayres until he discovered them among his effects about 1890

who it was, and added, "I shall take pleasure in showing it to So-and-so," — naming several of the principal sculptors in Paris for whom he did work.

Some weeks after, when I went to get the bronze copy, the founder told me that these sculptors and others had seen the Lincoln, and expressed themselves in the most appreciative terms of what they saw in it. Here, in substance, is what they said:—"It is unusual in general

construction, it has a new and interesting character, and its planes are remarkably beautiful and subtle. If it belongs to any type, and we know of none such, it must be a wonderful specimen of that type." Like things were said of it by other French artists, as I took pains to show it for examination. I lent the mask and a number of Lincoln photographs to the best French genre sculptor of modern times for several months, that he might see what he could get out of



From a Brady negative in the possession of F. H. Meserve

"IN NONE OF THE SITTING VIEWS OF LINCOLN IS THERE ANY SIGN OF A DISPOSITION TO SPRAWL. NO MEMBER, LIKE THE HANDS, FOR INSTANCE, IS INTRUSIVE." FROM THE SCULPTOR'S POINT OF VIEW, THIS PHOTOGRAPH MAKES A NEARER APPROACH TO STIFFNESS THAN THE OTHER SITTING PORTRAITS

it in making a face in clay. When he got through, he made these observations:—"I can do nothing with that head, and I doubt if any one in these times can. The more I studied it, the more difficulties I found. The subtle character of its forms is beyond belief. There is no face like it."

Frémiet was particularly interested. He said, among other things: "It seems impossible that a new country like yours should produce such a face. It is unique." Then he asked: "Do you know anything about the physique of this man? He must have been tall and slim, having little flesh, and very alert in action." As I was then making some sketches of a statuette, based upon very little knowledge of Lincoln's physical appearance, Frémiet's suggestions were of great value, as I knew him to be a learned ethnologist. He then recommended me to get for a model a man of the neighborhood who was tall and slim, but very compactly built. His height was six feet, four inches, the same, as I learned long afterward, as that of Lincoln. At the close of our conversation, Frémiet said: "You have in hand a wonderfully interesting subject—I envy you."

No word was uttered or suggested by any of these persons indicating consideration of the mask from a popular or so-called classic point of view—it was invariably looked at from the point of view of individual character, as an original and interesting piece of facial construction, for the harmony of the face with itself. There was no reference to ugliness, coarseness, or flabbiness of form. It was the same with the photographs shown to them.

The mask is indeed priceless, for without it, it would have been practically impossible to have arrived at any very definite judgment of the true character of Lincoln's facial construction.

A short, detailed review of the mask would be something like this:—A projecting face with unusual vigor and contrasts of planes; long, large,

protruding ears; strong, angular lower jaw, and high chin. All lines of face muscular or bony, strongly, firmly, and delicately marked; the forehead wrinkled to the roots of the hair. The fullness above and immediately back of the temples very rich and firm, not only giving an important contrast to the line of the face below, but finishing that part of the head with a commanding form and outline.

The character of the profile is also unusual, in the character of the lines and in their construction:—first, the full line of the forehead, carried from the top of the nose upward; second, the projecting nose, practically straight, and the distance from its end back to the up-

per lip, which is greater than with ordinary noses. The nose is thick in its body and wide on the top when looked at in front, and thus helps to make a harmonious face, by catching more light than an ordinary nose. The distance from the top of the nose, when seen in profile, to the inner corner of the eye, is again unusual. The end of the nose appears almost blunt, but its outline, when carefully examined, is varied in form and very delicate. The skin, so far as can be judged from a somewhat worn mask, is not marked into small sections, as in most skins, but is comparatively smooth, and indented with little holes, like enlarged pores,



LINCOLN SITTING IN MCCLELLAN'S TENT

"A wonderful example of concentrated physical action, of ease and primitive naturalness. The poise of the head is the perfection of simple attention."—See page 406



PRESIDENT LINCOLN

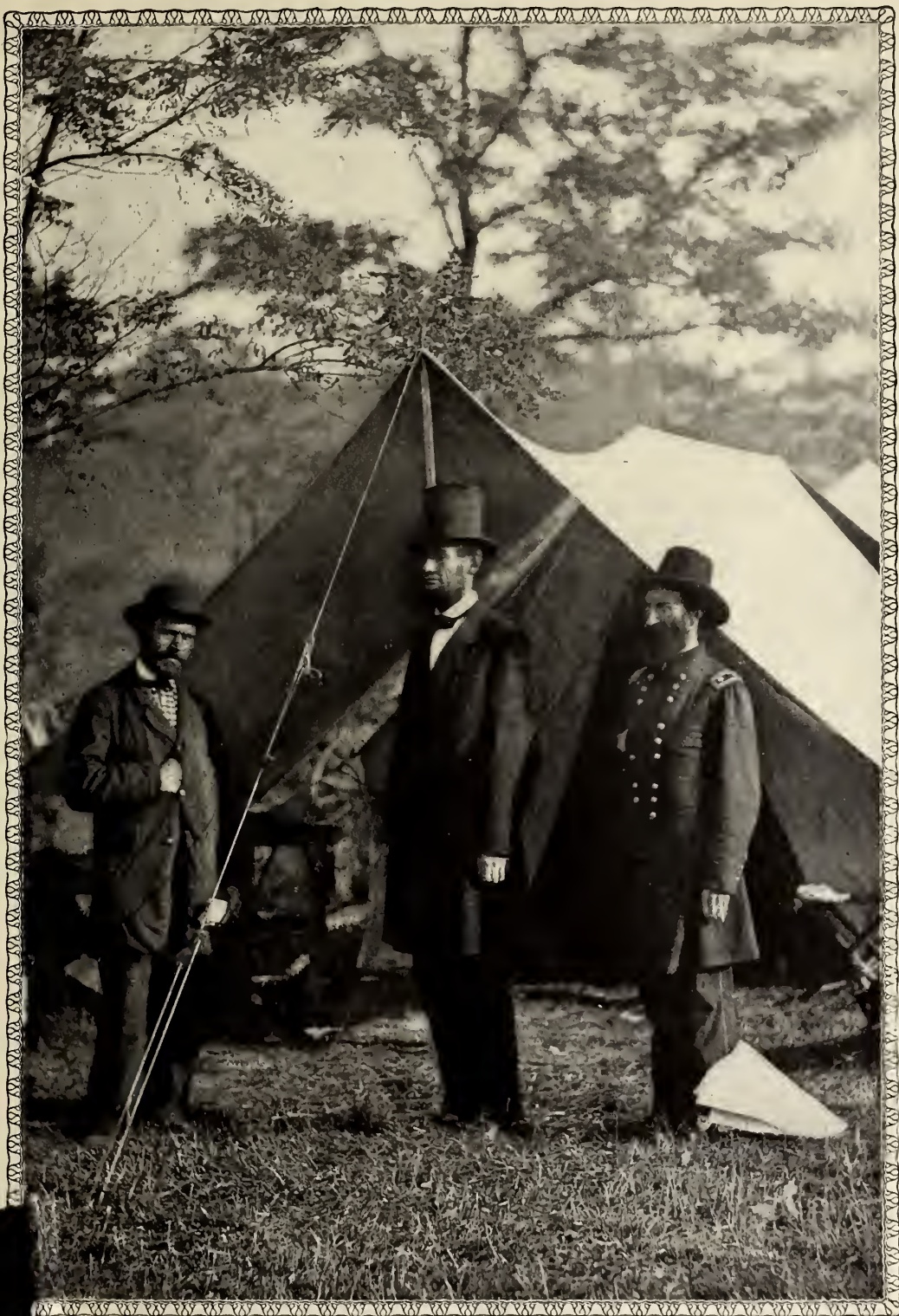
From a well-known photograph said to have been taken at the request of Secretary Seward

suggesting an individuality of its own. The firmness of the skin and muscles is evidenced by the correctness of the forms of the mask, as there is not the slightest indication that any change in them was made by the weight of the plaster. The mask is, in short, a perfect reproduction of Lincoln's face, and greatly beautiful in its human style and gravity.

The large, thick, and protruding under lip injures the general harmony and delicacy of the face in the estimation of some keen observers, though not disturbing or lessening the very sensitive line of mouth. These persons reconcile this fact by connecting it with Lincoln's lack of sensibility in many matters, his absolute indifference to art, to the nicer comforts of physical life, and with a certain want of delicacy in observing the minor customs of

a refined state of society. In other words, they interpret it as his face-mark of a certain physical obtuseness. Were it not for the high, firm chin, powerful jaw, and decided upper lip, all forming a well-proportioned combination, and thus reducing the lower lip to a less obtrusive effect, this member of the face would indeed seem unpleasantly large. Still, it is to be remembered that the right kind of a thick lower lip is a physiognomical mark of sensitiveness and tenderness of nature.

The Lincoln mask, as may be seen herein, does not lose in character by a comparison with the profile views of Washington and the Greek Jove, the last being regarded as the most majestically impressive face in existence. The force of Lincoln's individuality in such a connection is alone sufficient to stamp it as a



in a photograph by Brady

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM HEADQUARTERS
General McClellan stands at the right and Pinkerton, the army detective, at the left.—See page 406



McCLELLAN

LINCOLN

LINCOLN AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN OCTOBER, 1862, JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.—See page 406

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF LINCOLN.

As Early as January, 1861, His Sad-
dened Expression Was Noticeable,
Said George W. Julian. 1909

"My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, when I visited him at his home in Springfield. I had a curiosity to see the famous "railsplitter," as he was then familiarly called, and as a member elect of the Thirty-seventh congress I desired to form some acquaintance with the man who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the impending national crisis. Although I had zealously supported him in the canvass, and was strongly impressed by the grasp of thought and aptness of expression which marked his great debate with Douglas, yet, as a thorough going Free Soiler and a member of the radical wing of Republicanism, my prepossessions were against him. He was a Kentuckian, and a conservative Whig, who had supported Gen. Taylor in 1848 and Gen. Scott four years later, when the Whig party finally sacrificed both its character and its life on the altar of slavery. His nomination, moreover, had been secured through the diplomacy of conservative Republicans, whose morbid dread of 'abolitionism' unfitted them, as I believed, for leadership in the battle with slavery which had now become inevitable, while the defeat of Mr. Seward had been to me a severe disappointment and a real personal grief. Still, I did not wish to do Mr. Lincoln the slightest injustice, while I hoped and believed his courage and firmness would prove equal to the emergency.

"On meeting him, I found him far better looking than the campaign pictures had represented. These, as a general rule, were wretched caricatures. His face, when lighted up in conversation, was not unhandsome, and the kindly and winning tones of his voice pleaded for him, as did the smile which played about his rugged features. He was full of anecdote and humor, and readily found his way to the hearts of those who enjoyed a welcome to his fireside. His face, however, was sometimes marked by that touching expression of sadness which became so generally noticeable in the following years. I was much pleased with our first Republican executive, and returned home more fully inspired than ever with the purpose to sustain him to the utmost in facing the duties of his great office.

"The chief purpose of this visit, however, related to another matter. The rumor was then current and generally credited, that Simon Cameron and Caleb B. Smith were to be made cabinet ministers, and I desired to enter my protest against such a movement. Mr. Lincoln heard me patiently, but made no committal; and the subsequent selection of these representatives of Pennsylvania and Indiana Republicanism, along with Seward and Chase, illustrated the natural tendency of his mind to mediate between opposing forces. This was further illustrated a little later when some of his old Whig friends pressed the appointment of an incompetent and unfit man for an important position. When I remonstrated against it, Mr. Lincoln replied: 'There is much force in what you say, but, in the balancing of matters, I guess I shall have to appoint him.' This 'balancing of matters' was a source of infinite vexation during his administration, as it has been to his successors; but it was then easier to criticise this policy than to point the way to any practicable method of avoiding it.

"His character had been grossly misrepresented and maligned in both sections of the union; and the critical condition naturally whetted the appetite of men of all parties to see and hear the man who was now the central figure of the republic. The tone of moderation, tenderness, and good will which breathed through his inaugural speech made a profound impression in his favor; while his voice, though not strong nor full toned, rang out over the acres of people before him with surprising distinctness, and, I think, was heard in the remotest part of his audience."

Times-Union
Feb. 11, 1916

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.
Very Famous American Portrait Painter.

Abraham Lincoln, aside from his fame and achievements, is a pre-eminent subject for the artist. The portrait painter finds his enthusiasm in just such faces as Lincoln's—a beautifully ugly one possessing character. Lincoln was a homely man, in repose, I have been told by those who saw him, but in speaking his face was transformed.

In his photographs and contemporary portraits there is an indication, despite legends to the contrary, that he had a great respect for his personal appearance. He clad himself in a way most becoming to his face and figure. Moreover, the costume of his time was conducive to picturesqueness—the stock collar, the large lapel and the expansive shirt front.

Not many men of the Lincoln type are left, for in recent years they have been rapidly disappearing. The nearest approach in men now living to this personal picturesqueness of Lincoln's is Secretary of the Interior Wilson. "Uncle Joe" Cannon is also of the Lincoln type.

Lincoln is an easy subject to get a likeness of, but to get the real worth of the man into his portrait is an entirely different matter. He has been the victim of some of the most atrocious things I have ever seen done in the name of art. In my opinion Lincoln has not been painted satisfactorily by anyone. I cannot feel that he has yet been painted—in the true sense of the word. It is a great pity that in Lincoln's lifetime there was no such painter as Sargent to have done him. Like many another painter I regret that I never had an opportunity to paint Lincoln. Carpenter, one of the few who painted him from life, perhaps did the best contemporary portrait, and Marshall did an engraving of him that remains famous, but still I have the feeling that the great likeness of Lincoln is still to be done—if it ever is done. He has been "sculpted" again and again, but the best statue of him, in my opinion, is Saint-Gaudens' in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

There are many good photographs of Lincoln—I frequently wonder how photographers got so modest a man to pose so often—and with these and other reproductions it is still possible to have a better portrait of Lincoln—perhaps a truly great one.

BY GEORGE BELLOWES.
Painter of American Life.

I have the highest respect for Lincoln as a great figure in our history, as a man of beautiful personality. And he looked the part, for the person who has a distinctive character shows it in his face. But painting a picture of Lincoln now is the same as handing out second or third hand information.

I cannot understand the artist who takes it upon himself to try to portray in a picture the character of a man, especially a man of so great character as Lincoln, who exists only as a memory, a photograph and another's portrait.

If anyone should give me a commission to paint a Lincoln I should turn it down as a piece of pot-boiling. Painting such a picture would not express me, but I have no objection to other artists' painting Lincoln since they can thereby express themselves. It is the people with whom I come into personal definite contact I like to paint if they possess certain characteristics that appeal to me.

BY MAX WEBER.
Cubist Painter and Sculptor.

There is as much architecture in a face as in a wonderful cathedral, and even more, for it is sensitive to impulses from within and to impressions from without. It is a sculpture that palpitates with a human subtlety. In Lincoln's face there was sweetness and placid beauty speaking through the very verity of form.

His was a unique facial scripture, not so beautiful when judged according to the commonly accepted idea of a pleasing physiognomy but a facial scripture by which can be read, a character noble and refined, a character of rare humanity. In his face was something indescribably colossal yet placid and subtle, and to-day even in the crudest prints and pictures of Lincoln we who know the character of the man cannot fail to see the heart and soul behind the mask.

BY VIRGINIA VAUGHN HYATT.
Sculptor of New Joan of Arc Statue in Riverside Park, New York.

Lincoln lends himself in a peculiar way to the sculptor. His was a most sculpturesque figure, the big fine features of his face sculptural, and behind all, setting him apart from others, was the great simplicity of his character.

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.
Illustrator, Originator of the "Gibson Girl."

There is no better subject for anybody, whether artist or not, than Abraham Lincoln, because he is so big a subject. And the bigger the subject the fewer the words.

George and

George Matthew Adams Daily Talk

THE FACE OF LINCOLN.

It is fortunate for the world that so many fine portraits of the immortal Lincoln were preserved.

There is no more extraordinary face in history than that of Lincoln. You cannot look upon any of his many likenesses without being fascinated, so true and simple and splendid is every one—"like some tall peak" amongst a range of notable peaks, yet nobler than them all.

It is, first of all, a humanitarian face—gentle, clean, generous, sincere, intelligent, sad—yet, showing every evidence of humor, hidden deep.

Such a face would be picked out among thousands or more—and studied with interest.

There is the expansive brow, significant of breadth and soundness of thinking—the high and prominent cheek bones, telling of latent strength and tolerance—the strong nose, the heavy tho finely compressed lips, outstanding chin, the well formed ears—and, most appealing of all, the eyes. Such eyes! Far sunken, keen, mel-
low, with sympathy and intensity of feeling.

It is a face for any child to trust

Topeka Journal

FEBRUARY 13, 1922

immediately and for strong men to look up to in reverence and pride.

As the years roll by and accumulate, the face of Lincoln buries its beauty in the hearts of all races and creeds.

The more familiar do we become with the lines and planes of this remarkable face, the more are we reminded with fresh force that there is, as Whitman one said, "something else there."

As we look back, what a spectacle he was! Bowed with burdens and responsibilities, harassed by immense problems, forced more and more into the deep shadows of isolation and loneliness—the towering figure yet grew in masterful purposes, "clear-eyed and certain of his course."

From rail-splitter to martyr, the man waxed strong and stronger—daily growing in wisdom, gentleness and unselfishness of heart.

As we are brought now to the birthday of this great man, let us thank God for his pure and lofty example of manhood and cherish his memory in deeds worthy of his fame.

For more and more we come to appreciate Stanton's words: "Now he belongs to the ages!"

Rhythmic Lines of Beauty Graved on Lincoln's Face

BY FRANK G. MURPHY.

The divinity of beauty is nowhere better shown than in the rhythmic lines that grace the face of Abraham Lincoln. Much has been written about the depths of its celestial beauty, but none of his admirers have been sufficiently definite about what they saw to do him justice.

If the divine gift of profound wisdom and a Christlike feeling of charity for the frailties of humanity can be registered on the human face we should be able to decipher them in the countenance of the great emancipator. Most of us are conscious of the one fact that it is the lines of the face that reflect the mind of the possessor, though we do not stop to analyze in just what way the intellect and the disposition tend to contract and relax certain muscles so that they register the intelligence and spirituality in such a manner that the face becomes truly the mirror of the soul.

Had Lincoln possessed a mediocre intelligence and a sordid mind it would have told on his eyebrows, the eyelids, the eyes, the mouth and the plicatures about the nose and mouth. Lincoln possessed a classic eyebrow of the great in history, as that of Washington, Michelangelo, Raphael and Shakespeare. Their eyebrows were not alike, but they all possessed one characteristic—they were nicely arched, and the inner one-fourth of each eyebrow was nearly at right angles to the remainder.

The great artists have made use of the classic eyebrow when they wished to depict superior wisdom and beauty. This is nowhere better illustrated than in the famous paintings of da Vinci's Christ in "The Last Supper" and in the "Mona Lisa."

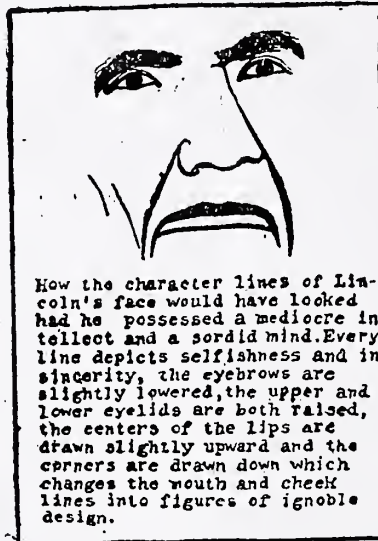
The Thinker's Brow

Those who think much have a tendency to draw the inner portions of their eyebrows inward and upward. This is sometimes referred to as the thinker's brow. Profound thinkers have another habit of slightly drooping both the upper and the lower eyelids.

Lincoln saw more with his intellect than he did with his eyes,

and as a result his eyes were always steady and calm. In his photographs, taken in 1864 under long exposure, as was necessary in those days, the iris or the dark portion of the eye has a clean-cut edge, showing that his eyes were not vacillating, but steady and all-seeing, as was his mind.

Those who think profoundly and sincerely relax the muscles of the upper and lower eyelids, which allows the upper lids to droop slightly and the lower lids to come below the curve of the



How the character lines of Lincoln's face would have looked had he possessed a mediocre intellect and a sordid mind. Every line depicts selfishness and in sincerity, the eyebrows are slightly lowered, the upper and lower eyelids are both raised, the centers of the lips are drawn slightly upward and the corners are drawn down which changes the mouth and cheek lines into figures of ignoble design.

iris, giving the eyes the appearance of fatigue. Because of the upper and inner contraction of Lincoln's eyebrows and the slight drooping of his eyelids many are led to say that his eyes express sadness, which is true; but it is a sorrow of understanding akin to that of the Savior.

The natural lines of the lower half of his face show they have been guided by a master mind and unaffected by malice, vanity, selfishness or other weaknesses of the flesh common to most mankind. Being utterly devoid of self-consciousness, he made an ideal subject for the photographer.

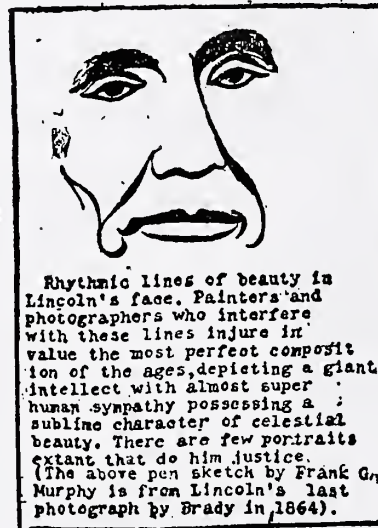
His countenance presents the appearance of one possessing infinite wisdom and the tenderness of a child. Over half a century of right thinking and constant devotion to the betterment of mankind had stamped upon his face those rhythmic lines of beauty that adorn his rugged countenance like the trailing arbutus that ornaments the rocky wood of its native soil.

There was a slight tension of the muscles that held his teeth together, as there always is with those who think much, though the other muscles of the lower part of his face, like those of the eyelids, were always relaxed. The lines in the child's face and those gifted with the taint the rhythm of line that impart spirit of nobility and chivalry reports to it the stamp of merit that is a certificate of character and that inspires confidence in little children.

His Own Artist

The other muscles of the face below his eyebrows were always naturally relaxed, except when speaking or smiling. This relaxation is shown in the slight drooping of the mouth, except at the outer corners, which are a trifle raised, as if his lips were suspended from these two points. In reality they are, by two small muscles attached to the cheek bones.

It is these zygomatic muscles that we all make use of when we laugh and smile, and Lincoln



Rhythmic lines of beauty in Lincoln's face. Painters and photographers who interfere with these lines injure in value the most perfect composition of the ages, depicting a giant intellect with almost superhuman sympathy possessing a sublime character of celestial beauty. There are few portraits extant that do him justice. (The above pen sketch by Frank G. Murphy is from Lincoln's last photograph by Brady in 1864).

often did both. It may readily be seen why the unopposed upward and outward contraction of these muscles gives shape to his manly mouth and graceful figures upon his cheeks.

The short muscles at the corners of the mouth that pull downward, as in anger, were never developed in Lincoln. Vanity, dissipation, revenge and other weaknesses that afflict us common mortals were strangers to him, for there are no lines upon his countenance to indicate that he ever knew them.

I have attempted to show by illustration what Lincoln's face might have been like had he not possessed the highest moral and spiritual virtues. In the second

illustration only those lines have been changed that in any face are governed by the mental and moral attitude of the possessor. The effect that his great mind had in molding the expression upon his face is of the greatest interest to us, though nature gave him features of great proportional harmony.

DR. FRANK CRANE'S DAILY EDITORIAL

The Best Loved Face in the World

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THE best loved face in the world, also the best known face, is that of Abraham Lincoln.

Sometimes you look at it and wonder why.

It has no form nor comeliness nor beauty in it that we should desire him.

He is not a handsome Greek figure and he is no sheik nor pretty man.

He is not a big bruiser, such as some men admire, nor the sort of man that most women admire.

He has no Napoleonic figure, never strutted nor took poses.

Usually we picture him as standing in modest simplicity, somewhat shy, yet the embodiment of common sense.

It calls to mind the fact that one's beauty is not in the features nor form, but in the soul.

A beautiful soul can enlighten the most homely face.

Lincoln's soul was full of the most homely virtues, virtues that appealed to men of all races.

The thing is that he stands for qualities with which we are all familiar and toward which we all aspire.

He was honest, kind and firm, and while he did most idealistic things his feet were always on the ground.

To imitate Napoleon is to be a poseur or try to discard the conventions of the world because we have a swollen ego. To imitate other heroes may lead us astray.

It harms no man or boy to imitate Abraham Lincoln.

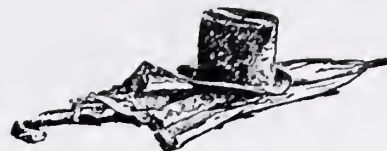
We need his broad charity to all and we need none the less his firmness to do the right as God gave him to see the right.

America is truly fortunate in having a figure like Abraham Lincoln, standing out like a peak in its history and moulding the characters of the coming generations.

Take it all in all, America has been peculiarly fortunate in her presidents. Men like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge have been outstanding figures in patriotism and well worthy of the imitation of youth. No president has been made the subject of a scandal as far as his personal actions are concerned. Democracy has done pretty well and its results average higher than heredity or other means of choosing rulers.

MONDAY—LINCOLN'S LEGACY.

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"The Shabbiest President in History"

*Lincoln Never Deserved that Reproach
Says This Soldier Who Knew Him*

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

The Lytle Review 2-6-28

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was not always a fashionably dressed man, or even a correctly dressed man, like President Arthur or President Roosevelt, but he was never a shabbily dressed man. In the matter of his dress he has been misunderstood and maligned. Circumstances were against him. He began his career in Washington in a stovepipe hat and ended it in a stovepipe hat. If he had lived to a period that used a hat of different pattern we should have in the mind's eye a different vision of Lincoln. Sometimes, as I remember him, he was a very handsomely dressed man.

On a never-to-be-forgotten day in the Winter of 1861, as a youthful artillery sergeant I was dragging an unhooked sabre along the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol (which was a cheese-box instead of a dome). I halted in my progress and leaned on my sabre to observe an approaching carriage.

The carriage was an open victoria, beautifully horsed, with two men on the box, and seated in it was a tall, sedate, fashionably dressed gentleman wrapped to his chin in a blue chinchilla overcoat and wearing a high but very fashionable silk hat. The gentleman was smiling and chatting with a little boy standing between his knees. That tall, faultlessly dressed gentleman in the handsome carriage was President Lincoln and the boy between his knees was little Tad.

And yet President Lincoln has passed into history as an unnecessarily shabby and grotesque figure. As time passes the sublimity of his character will become more sublime, while his figure will take on more grotesquery. It is the way of the world. History crystallizes and amplifies the oddities of its favorites.

His stovepipe hat was the hat of the period; it was the pride of Fifth Avenue and of Mayfair and of the boulevards. If the silk hat in vogue from 1861 to 1865 had only had a bell crown and a graceful roll of rim like the familiar hat of John Bull, or like that of any three-bottle squire of the last half of the eighteenth century, we should see pictured a different Lincoln.

Newark, New Jersey, News
February 9, 1931

Bloomfield Pastor Finds Food For Sermon in Lincoln's Face

Rev. Earle Conover of the Brookdale Reformed Church, Bloomfield, preached yesterday morning on "A Study of the Face of Lincoln." Dikran M. Bedikian of Montclair, collector of Lincoln portraits, gave a short address and exhibited several portraits.

"The face is the criterion of character," Mr. Conover said. "We judge this often quite unconsciously, as we look at others. What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say. As water dropped upon a surface slowly wears it away, just so does each thought affect our habits, and our habits, our character and our faces. Be careful, then, what you want others to know about you.

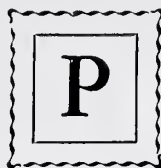
"Lincoln's face is well worth a study. Look at it in picture, or in sculpture. Stand before that huge statute of him in the new and sublime memorial in Washington, and be impressed, as you must be. Artists are said to have declared that Lincoln's face is a model of uncomeliness; yet, the most inspiring countenance ever seen. To many folks that is a real paradox. Beauty is

only skin deep, and beauty of character can make a face fairly shine. Such, I believe, was the case of this man.

"Look, then, upon the face of Lincoln for his life story. It tells us of the suffering that one disappointment after another brought him; of the anguish resulting from the rebellion, slavery and Civil War itself. Four things, predominantly, are said to have made that grim, gaunt visage of Lincoln—sorrow, love, faith and service. Doubtless his biographers could easily substantiate each one of those things by many illustrations. Without stint, Lincoln gave himself up to the fulfillment of his great purpose to aid the cause of truth and right.

"Be prepared" is the motto of the Boy Scouts who celebrate today the twenty-first anniversary of scouting. Truly this is just what our great leader did, believing that if he did prepare himself, the world would call him to service. Little did he ever dream, however, that he would be called to the spectacular seat of the Presidency of this great nation."

By DANIEL A.
POLING



PHYSICALLY the personality of Lincoln was supremely expressed in his face. Those who knew him tell us so and all pictures confirm their testimony. Not the massive, tousled head, nor the immense, angular, stooped figure, nor the great hands, nor the voice, but the face of Lincoln mirrored the man and spoke the soul. How significant are certain words written of another, "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The face of Jesus was the mirror of God, and men looking into it saw the Father. Not in His voice, which spake as never man spake; not in the touch of His healing hand; not in the majestic power of His head, nor in the subtle grace of His divine form, but in His face, did Jesus reveal supremely the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

Before that countenance men withered in shame, or started in fear, or sank in adoration, as lightnings of rebuke or the radiance of love played upon it. It was a look and not a sword that made a path through the mob that clamored for His life. A glance from His eye could bring little children about Him or send strong men into confusion. "And His face did shine as the sun" is what Matthew wrote after the transfiguration. And St. Luke declared, when the record begins the chronicle of the last arduous journey, the long march to Calvary and the Cross, that He "steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

Of course not even Lincoln's face may be compared with the countenance Christ, but as the light of the knowledge of God was in the face of Jesus, so was courage and suffering, determination and forgiveness, largeness of understanding and love of his fellow men in the face of Abraham Lincoln.

IN ECCLESIASTES it is written, "Man's wisdom maketh his face to shine," and wisdom means knowledge applied to the best ends, or as Webster has it, "skill in affairs." Not what we know will give us shining faces—not until we give our knowledge the wings of blessing. Jesus, who went about doing good, who traveled to and fro releasing His fervor to relieve pain and woe, had in His face the light of the knowledge of the glory of God; and Lincoln, who dedicated himself to the cause of those who could not save themselves, who died that a nation might live, caught up in his countenance the reflection from that same glory.

Nor is it a careless or sacrilegious statement to make, to say that we may do as Lincoln did. Our faces, too, may shine, for we, too, may be doers of the word, we, too, may feel the hurts of others and bear for them the crushing load.

Years ago a mother found her little girl, scarcely more than a babe, very deliberately pressing open the first beautiful rosebuds of early spring. Something in the child's absorbed face arrested the startled, indignant words that a perfectly normal impulse prompted her to speak. Instead she quietly asked a question. The child lifted an eager face from her dimpled hands and with happiness in her eyes replied, "Oh, I'se helping God bloom His roses." And it is something akin to the spirit of the child's fancy that puts the glory on a woman's countenance who has poured out a life in sacrifice and service for others; she feels that she has been about the gentle Master's business, that she has been ministering in His place, acting in His stead, or perhaps—and finer, richer still—that He has poured out His healing health through her. "Helping God bloom His roses" is

FEBRUARY, 1931

Lincoln's Face

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor.
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

No. 297

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

December 17, 1934

THE COUNTENANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Photography has failed to record the transformation which took place in Lincoln's countenance when fired by the spirit of some oratorical effort. His features when in repose lacked expression, and the radiance which beamed from his face when animated was lost in the still photographs of his day.

Lincoln did not live to see instantaneous photography developed, and it was twenty years after his death before the idea which finally produced the snapshot was made practical. During the era of picture taking which he knew, it was dangerous to smile, and a mechanical device in the form of a clamp was often used to prevent the slightest movement of the head while the exposure was being made.

One author, in preparing a magazine article, about thirty years ago, wrote to some of the people then living who remembered Lincoln, and the reaction was that no picture of him was satisfactory because it did not show the light that was in his eyes when he was speaking or listening.

Regret has been expressed that sound reproducing instruments were not available in Lincoln's day so that his speeches could have been preserved as he delivered them, but the tardiness of the moving picture in making its appearance has robbed us of a much more vital contribution, the visualization of Lincoln as he actually appeared. To have had both sight and sound reproduction, as we have them combined today, would have settled the much debated questions about his voice inflections and his facial expressions.

One cannot read at any length about Lincoln without being confronted with the wide divergence of opinion about how he looked. All the synonyms which harmonize with such words as homely, ugly, repulsive, etc. have been used to describe his countenance by some writers, while others have given him an angelic appearance, one author going so far as to compare him favorably with the Greek God, Jove.

The Changing Countenance

These descriptions, so far apart in their interpretations, may be harmonized to some extent by accepting the well-established fact that Lincoln's face underwent a phenomenal change when inspired by certain contacts with his fellow men.

The rapidity with which the countenance of Lincoln changed is an interesting study. "When affected by humor, sympathy or admiration for some heroic deed or sacrifice for the right his face changed in an instant, the hard lines faded out of it, and the emotion seemed to diffuse itself all over him. His sad face of a sudden became radiant; he seemed like one inspired." So one writer describes the transition.

"The dull, listless features dropped like a mask. The melancholy shadows disappeared in a twinkling," according to another writer; who continued: "The eyes began to sparkle, the mouth to smile and the whole countenance was wreathed in animation."

Emotional Climaxes

The stories of the rapidity with which Lincoln's countenance changed are not so remarkable as the accounts of the extravagant descriptions of his appearance upon attaining these emotional climaxes. Joseph H. Choat said, "When he spoke he was transformed; his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly."

In a volume entitled "Wayside Glimpses" published in 1859, we find this description of Lincoln by Lillian Foster, a southerner, who observed Lincoln at a political rally in Chicago in 1858. She wrote, "His face is certainly ugly, but not repulsive; on the contrary, the good humor, gener-

osity, and intellect beaming from it, makes the eye love to linger there until you almost fancy him good looking."

George W. Julian visited Lincoln in 1861, and he states that "His face when lighted up in conversation was not unhandsome and the kindly and winning tones of his voice pleaded for him as did the smile which played about his rugged features." Another contemporary remarked that "When Mr. Lincoln was in conversation his every feature gave expression to the subject spoken of and so strong was the peculiarity that I have seen him, when speaking on subjects that gave him pleasure, look actually handsome."

Nicolay, one of Lincoln's secretaries, thus described him in the act of summing up a connected series of logical propositions: "His form would straighten up to full height, the head would be slightly thrown back, and the face become radiant with the consciousness of intellectual victory, making his personal appearance grandly imposing and impressive."

A noted American writer prepared an article on "The Beauty of Lincoln" and drew this conclusion, "Abraham Lincoln by every just cannon of the esthetic, was probably the most beautiful being that ever walked the earth. With the single exception of Jesus he is 'the gentlest and sweetest memory of man,' and I think that when tested by every true rubric of beauty, he will always remain, both in face and in person, the most beautiful memory of the human spirit."

Professional Appraisals

Those who make a business of studying faces have also contributed some very complimentary statements about Lincoln's facial expression. From them we might expect to secure a scientific appraisal of Lincoln's ugliness or beauty.

The famous Lincoln mask by Volk drew this reaction from a French sculptor: "What a beautiful face! Why it is more beautiful and has more character than the Abbé Laménais and we think that is the handsomest one in France."

In the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin for November 14, 1860, there is a sketch of Lincoln by a Philadelphian who visited Springfield for the purpose of making a portrait of the president-elect. This was his impression:

"His eyes are deeply set and when his face is reposing, are not remarkable for brightness, but kindle with his thoughts and beam with great expression. His eyebrows are heavy and move almost incessantly as he becomes animated. . . . No facial muscles show more nobility than his and consequently his face is an ever-varying mirror in which various expressions are constantly flashing."

Gutzon Borglum gives us one of the most unique descriptions of Lincoln's countenance. He says, "Lincoln laughed with the right side of his face and rippling all over it are delicate streams of humor, as from some freshening spring. They pour toward the right corner of his mouth where his laughter issued with a loud hearty guffaw. The left side is the side of melancholy and written all over it are the sufferings of a great, lonely soul."

"The divinity of beauty is nowhere better shown than in the rhythmic lines that grace the face of Abraham Lincoln," according to an American student of physiognomy; and he attempts to support this thesis by discussing some of Lincoln's attributes, such as the thinker's brow, classic eyebrows, relaxed muscles, and lines of beauty. He concludes his analysis with this paragraph:

"If Raphael was the greatest in his conception of rhythmic form, Lincoln was his superior in the method of attainment; for without colors or brush he painted upon his own countenance a portrait of celestial beauty of the master mind of the ages."

Principally Philadelphian

Lincoln's Glance Won Over Critic

Phila. Bulletin 2-14-46
AN account, by George Morgan, of Lincoln's passing through Philadelphia on his way to Washington to be inaugurated on March 4, 1861, presents a very human picture of the Great Emancipator.

"Dr. John Meigs, eminent, influential, a Democrat all his days, heard hurrahs in the street in front of his house and knew that Lincoln was riding in his barouche, behind white horses, to raise the Stars and Stripes over Independence Hall. He had assumed that the cartoonists were depicting the man of the hour truly when they caricatured him as the 'Illinois Baboon.'

"Therefore Dr. Meigs said to his wife: 'Mary, here he comes. I do not wish to see him.' He went to the window to pull down the blind. Just then there was a halt, and the barouche happened to stop in front of the window. Lincoln stood up and bowed, this way and that, in acknowledgment of the uproarious greeting. He looked toward Dr. Meigs just for a glancing moment. Dr. Meigs melted instantly. 'Mary,' said he, turning, tears in his eyes, and in his voice, too, 'Mary, baboon did they say? That man has the face of an angel.'

"From that time on, this honored Philadelphian worked heart and soul for Lincoln and the restoration of the Union. His influence was incalculable. Such were the swift and dramatic changes in a time of tense feeling, of lacerations, of life-long friendships broken over night.

"He reached Kensington depot from New York on the afternoon of February 21. The city was dressed in flags. The streets were jammed at 9th and Chestnut. In fireworks an arch was lettered: 'Abraham Lincoln, the Whole Union.'

"Early next day, the Scott Legion attended Lincoln to Independence Hall. In the Square were the Washington Grays, brass bands and a great throng. The flag-raising was from the pavement in front of the Hall, at the spot now marked."

A TALK GIVEN ON THE
Ford Sunday Evening Hour

*The Lines in
Lincoln's Face*



By W. J. Cameron

February 12, 1939



Number 23 of the 1938-39 Series broadcast
over the Nation-Wide Network of the
Columbia Broadcasting System from Detroit



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Dearborn, Michigan

THIS day, one hundred and thirty years ago, in a Kentucky cabin was born a man-child; his parents called him Abraham. By lowly ways and known to few he came to his appointed task and met his ambushed hour. Now, with one other, his is the best known American face in history. People feel in Lincoln's portrait, not an artist's interpretation, but the real man in his habit as he lived. It is a strong and homely face, stern, sad, humorous, wistful—a face transparent to the mood—the face of one who met with manliness the great surprise of his destiny. It is a face full of lines—hereditary lines that were more deeply furrowed still by strength of inner qualities; new and later lines etched by the graving tool of sharp experience. The lines in Lincoln's face!

Unmistakable, even in his earlier portraits, are the *lines of natural nobility*. Neither popular esteem nor exalted office put them there; they came from the native breed of the man. Son of the soil, he was nonetheless an aristocrat. That brow and eye and mouth and chin give you his real pedigree and his natural real coat of arms. Poor stock never yet produced a thoroughbred. And much of the stock we now rate as poor is the best on earth. Missing an education, missing fame, limiting his world to the little town of Salem, Lincoln, like Shakespeare, would still have been, in the esteem of his companions, a man apart.

But obscurity hardly could have been his lot, for in his face are also *lines of purpose*. Not ambition, not self-seeking, not the thirsty, covetous countenance of those who drain advantage out of others—these are not *Purpose*. Lincoln sought fulfillment by creative doing; something in him was that makes the oak tree grow—the inner drive of life. Emotional views have made his

career a chapter of failures—he failed as much and no more than the rest of us; certainly he never was without those minor triumphs that keep us all in heart. His personal struggles were mostly past before he thought of failure or success at all. Like those of most men, Lincoln's *failures* were but his *preparation*. Born in the backwoods; motherless at nine; acquiring his own scant education; a country lawyer; a crude, but honest and intelligent man; 38 years old before he saw the nearby city of Chicago—at the age of 52 he was President in our greatest national crisis, and at 56 he was dead. Fifty-two years of preparation for four short years of service. He had *Purpose*—not to attain a specific thing, *but to be ready* for what might come.

Lines of discipline are in that face. He was under self-control and desired that *thought* should be his guide. If reason led him to the weaker public party and defeat, so be it. Lincoln had but one question: *Is it right?* Answering that, his mind was freed from the twisting complexity that is our modern plague. He disciplined his words and became our most quotable American, and (quite unconsciously) one of our ablest men of letters. Discipline! No one speaks with authority to others who has not first spoken with authority to himself.

And etched in that familiar countenance are *lines of suffering*. These come more or less to all who take the burdens of the people on their heart. We remember Woodrow Wilson crying out as the women by thousands stretched forth their hands to him for help! They thought he could be god and savior. Their misplaced faith against his human limitations wrenched his very soul. It is good that people inwardly should anguish thinking of their nation's plight: vicarious suffering changes things.

Toward the end, as one studies Lincoln's face in life mask, death mask and portrait, *lines of mystery*—lines denoting mystic insight—emerge. We know next to nothing of their source. Lincoln tried to find the bitter *why* of that great trial the nation was enduring in his time, and very near the end he thought he had found it. Happy any mind that discovers a center on which sometimes to rest.

Anniversaries like Lincoln's birthday are kept because the highest use of human memory is to make nobility immortal. Lincoln is better known today than by his own generation. He is not, and never can be, a legend. He remains as young as his country. To one who wrote that older men were slow to help young men, Lincoln replied: "I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anyone wishes to hinder him." Written in a casual letter, these words make the perfect Lincoln Day motto for young America.

HIT and MISS

By HAROLD WILLIAMS



CHARACTERISTICS of the left side of Lincoln's face indicate his shrewd, political, humorous nature, while the right side depicts the kindly, moody, melancholy philosopher, Professor Merrell Gage of the University of Southern California told the Long Beach Woman's City Club.

Because of these facial differences, different impressions of Lincoln's personality were gained according to the onlooker's point of view, said this student of Lincoln's physiognomy. It is an interesting idea, but it probably should not be taken too literally.

Lincoln's many sided nature is a perennial study, and one who ponders it tries to find a physical manifestation of the qualities of the supreme American genius in government, and he probably sees what he is looking for.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born 131 years ago and died 75 years ago. Whole libraries have been written about him. Only a few months ago a four-volume biography of him in the war years was published. More than 2500 pages—1,500,000 words. This work of years by Carl Sandburg is hailed as one of the great pieces of biographical writing of all time. Yet nobody ventures to call it definitive.

As a subject of research, interpretation and anecdote, Lincoln is inexhaustible. He sprang from the common people, he regarded himself as one of them, and they claimed him as one of their own; but Lincoln was and remains a mystery—known and loved by multitudes but understood by none.

WAS it only coincidence that the date chosen for Marian Anderson's concert in Long Beach was February 12—anniversary of the birth of the man who gave freedom to her people and made America a land of opportunity for them as well as for the white race? Or by coincidence or de-

sign, the fact that she is singing on the Great Emancipator's birthday must be an inspiration to the artist and arouse in her audience a chain of thoughts increasing their admiration of her genius.

Doctor 'Admires' Lincoln's Profile

MASON CITY, IA.—On the face of Abraham Lincoln, a mole looked good. In fact, it was the mole which gave more character to the Emancipator's right profile than the left side had.

Dr. Frank Graham Murphy, 80, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist who has been nationally known for years as an authority on moles, never would have attempted to remove Lincoln's.



"For years, I've been giving thought to the Lincoln mole. I'm sure that it was the mole which caused the second crease on his right cheek. There was only one crease on the left.

"Showed Depth."

"Lincoln's mole showed his comeliness; it showed a depth of mind which words could not express. Photographers and artists recognized this, for the majority of the pictures made of Lincoln showed the right side of his face—and the mole."

This is quite a tribute from a medico whose renown as a remover of unsightly moles became nationwide in 1936 with publication in medical journals of articles on his technique.

Of course, you must realize that Dr. Murphy's personal connection with Lincoln lore started with birth—on the second anniversary of Lincoln's assassination in Ford's theater.

Survived Collapse.

And, years later, Dr. Murphy was one of the survivors when that theater, in Washington, D. C., collapsed on government workers. He was in the division of pensions and records then.

Dr. Murphy, who started his medical practice here in 1894 after several months in Newton, Ia., always has had two hobbies aside from his profession. They are writing and drawing.

"When I first came to Mason City, I used to draw caricatures for the local newspaper. I used the name Frank Graham—but I quit when it became too widely known who was drawing them. It

drawings, in Literary Digest magazine. It also was reprinted and reviewed in newspapers.

The discovery of the doctor's writing ability started his series of articles in 1922-23 for the Mason City Globe Gazette. They were republished in book form, called "Nutrition and Health."

Booklet.

It was in 1940 that Dr. Murphy's most recent booklet "Art in Eyeglasses," was published—and it won favorable reviews in the New York Times, American Artist, Optical Journal, Review of Optometry, and other technical publications.

"Eyeglasses are the most conspicuous of all articles of dress. They should contribute to the comeliness of the wearer, the doctor's booklet says.

So Dr. Murphy outlined the complementary lines of the face and the rhythmic lines, which have a part in the setting of the eye, "the most ornamental feature of the physiognomy."

He analyzes heads with high ears, low ears, prominent cheekbones—and the eyebrows. He takes special delight, with drawings, in criticizing "horned owl" and "pruning hook" eyebrows put on in makeup by their wearers.

His Practice.

With all his aesthetic appreciation, it seems natural that Dr. Murphy's medical practice laid heavy emphasis on the removal of unsightly moles and small birthmarks on eyes, nose, eyelids or ears. His success in removing such growths without leaving scars has been accomplished by treatment with an acid to dehydrate tissues. It now is generally known to the medical profession.

Mr. Murphy opened his own eye, ear, nose and throat hospital here in 1901, operating it until 1909—and he still gets mail addressed to the hospital. He is one of the seven doctors who originated and built the Park hospital here in 1911. Dr. C. F. Starr, still practicing here, is the only other surviving member of that group.

The "mole specialist," who still carries on an active practice, is kindly, soft spoken and well to do. He has a reputation of generosity and "charity work."

His office, modernly equipped but not large or grand, is in a

SPECIALIST



DR. FRANK GRAHAM
MURPHY.

Evaluates Lincoln's Mole.

one daughter, Mrs. Mildred Playter of New York City.

"I'm still writing—still writing about Lincoln, too—and I'll keep up my practice as long as I'm able. I'd be lost, utterly lost, if I retired," he said.

February 1953

From *Natural History Magazine*

Was Lincoln

A "Mountaineer"?

An exact replica of his face taken just two months before his assassination provides a fortunate basis for measurement and study

By HARRY L. SHAPIRO

*Chairman of the Department of Anthropology,
American Museum of Natural History*

ALTHOUGH much has been written on the subject, it is still a debated question as to how much the physical guise of a man can tell us about his background and character. Certainly not everything, but sometimes perhaps a great deal. No one, for example, has ever commented on how much Abraham Lincoln embodied in his tall, gaunt figure, with its cadaverous face, the type we have come to recognize as the Southern Mountaineer. But the more we think about it, the more striking the resemblance becomes. Perhaps, in ways we haven't appreciated, Lincoln was more a product of the Kentucky hills where he was born and of the people that first settled them than we realize.

One day about a year ago I had an opportunity to examine the little-known life mask illustrated on these pages. An exact replica of this sort provides a close ap-

proach to exactitude in some of the measurements that form the basis of classification in the science of physical anthropology. In other words, the mask could give us a much more accurate anatomical knowledge of Lincoln's face than all the many photographs, portraits, and sculptured likenesses.

This life mask was cast from a mold made on Lincoln's face by a sculptor named Clark Mills 60 days before the assassination. Since Lincoln was shot by Booth on the night of April 14, 1865, it must have been made sometime around, if not precisely on, February 12 of that year, when he was exactly 56 years old. Whether this coincidence means anything, the records I have seen do not make clear. It is indubitably the last mask ever made of Lincoln's face in life and represents him at the height of his career.

This replica of Lincoln remained in the hands of Mr. Mills' sons until 1886 when it came into the possession of Mr. John Hay, Lincoln's secretary and later Secretary of State in Theodore Roosevelt's Cabinet. Apparently it was cast both in plaster and in bronze. The only

bronze in existence is the one shown here, which now belongs to Clarence Hay, through whose courtesy it is reproduced. About three years after John Hay acquired the masks, another plaster copy drawn from the same molds was presented to the Smithsonian Institution.

Physically, Lincoln was one of the most distinctive presidents in our history. His towering height alone might have been enough to draw attention to his physical presence. But this, combined with his extreme linearity, his unkempt appearance, his tousled hair and unusual face, focused extreme interest on his appearance and furnished the political cartoonists with a natural for caricature. Thus, long before the Atlantic shore and Washington knew him, his physical reputation had preceded him. Consequently many of the newspaper accounts of his first visits to eastern cities and numerous memoirs of the period contain an undue emphasis on the appearance of the president from the Wild West.

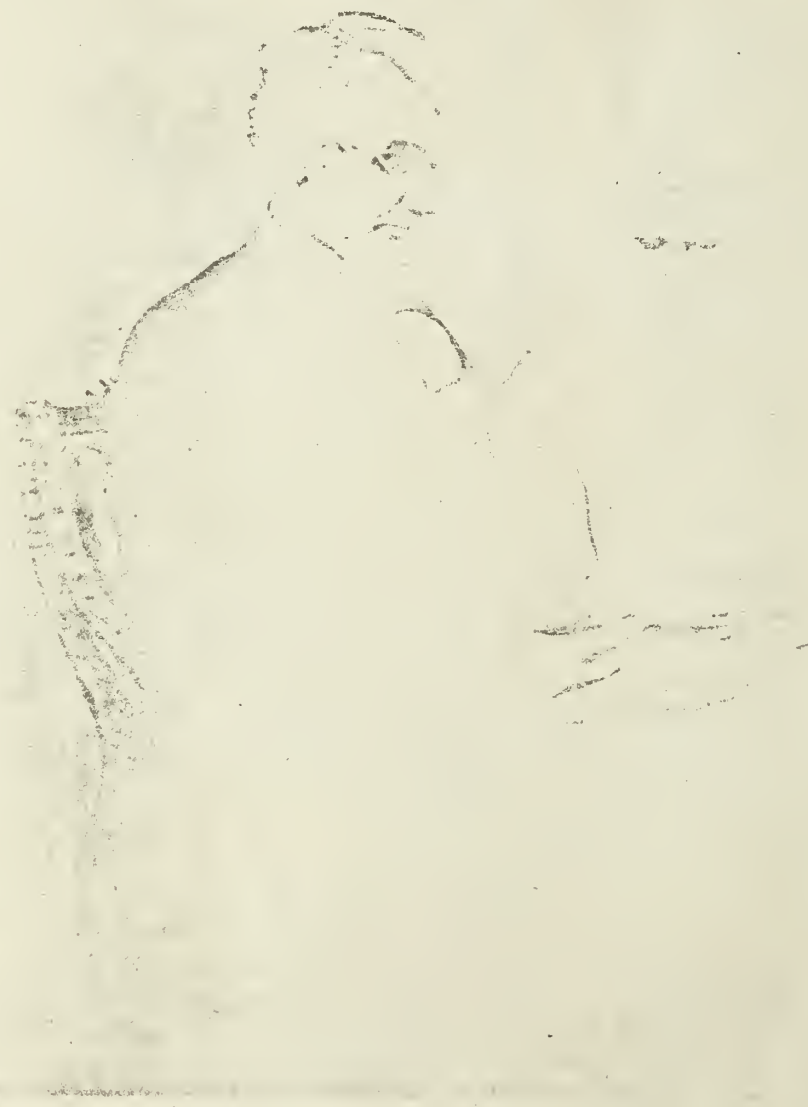
One of the most microscopic descriptions of Lincoln can be found in William Henry Herndon's

← THE ONLY BRONZE in existence from the Clark Mills life mask, taken on or about Lincoln's fifty-sixth birthday. Reproduced through the courtesy of Clarence Hay, to whom it now belongs. AMNH photo

▼ LINCOLN with his son (Tad) Thomas, photographed in Washington by Matthew Brady on February 9, 1864

▲ THIS ROTATING VIEW of the Mill probably gives a more exact impression

Brown Bros.



papers, recently published. He was Lincoln's law partner and, becoming aware of his genius long before it was generally acknowledged, used his abundant opportunities to subject Lincoln to a minute scrutiny that recalls the devotion of Boswell to Johnson. Herndon described Lincoln as having a long head with a "tall" forehead sloping backward. The forehead, he adds, was narrow but high; "the cheek bones were high, sharp and prominent; his jaws were long, upcurved and massive, looked solid, heavy and strong; nose large, long and blunt, a little awry toward the right eye; chin, long, sharp and uncurved; face long, narrow, sallow and cadaverous . . . having on his face a few hairs here and there; cheeks leathery and saffron colored; ears large and jutting; lower lip thick, hanging undercurved or down-curved; little gray eyes."

Some of these observations were sound and are borne out by a comparison of measurements taken on the mask with the averages we have of typical old-time Americans of similar north European origin. Others are not.

We have only one considerable

the anatomy of Lincoln's face than any production previously published

▼ THE ANGULARITY of his frame and the cadaverous quality of his features have helped to make Lincoln's likeness so clearly remembered by so many

AMNH photo

Culver Service

body of information on the faces of Americans whose ancestry resembles what we know of Lincoln's. This is Ales Hrdlicka's measurements of 727 white Americans whose parents and grandparents had all been born in the United States. On the average, these families had probably been in this country for at least 150 years. Most were from the eastern part of the country and represent, so far as we can judge, a constituency similar to the one from which the Southern Mountaineer received his ancestry.

Perhaps one of the most distinctive features of Lincoln's face was its great breadth, emphasized by the jutting arch of his cheek bones. The actual width of the face is distinctly greater than the norm of these "Old Americans" of Hrdlicka. It falls, indeed, near its upper limit, as shown in one of the accompanying diagrams. The lateral projection of the cheek bones was so prominent it made the cheek below it look hollow by comparison, thus giving the "cadaverous" look so frequently noticed.

The hollow, sunken-cheek appearance was further emphasized



by the enormous width of Lincoln's jaw at the angle just below and forward of the ear lobe. This—the bigonial width—measures 126 millimeters and lies at the very extreme of variation found in the Old American faces. The bony structure of the face was thus wide, both at the cheek bones and particularly the corners of the lower jaw—two elevated ridges with the intervening cheek the valley between them. These peculiarities account for the frequently mentioned angularity and prominence of the bony structure of Lincoln's face observed by so many of his contemporaries.

It is, of course, extremely hazardous to attempt to account for these exceptional features without far more information than we now possess. Almost every face departs from the average in one respect or another—and Lincoln's facial architecture may represent nothing more than a familial inheritance of an unusual combination of characteristics. It is, however, interesting that among the racial strains to be found in Lincoln's geography, one could match these dimensions easily only among Indians.

Herdon was wrong, however, in describing Lincoln's forehead as narrow. It is definitely broad, much broader than the average of Hrdlicka's Old Americans. It was also "tall" and with a distinct slope.

The nose is long, but this length no doubt was in part the result of the marked linearity of growth so evident in Lincoln's whole conformation. The marked length of the nose gives its moderate width almost the appearance of narrowness. The relative width of the nose (nasal index) falls below the Old American average.

Lincoln's face was long in absolute dimension and exceeds the mean. But its length lay largely in the mid-facial region and particularly in the nasal area. The chin was not especially deep from the mouth down. The impression of strength and massivity that Herndon noted probably arose from the great width that I have previously stressed.

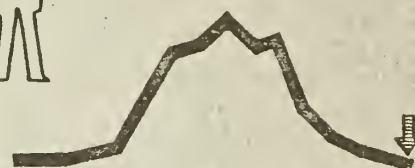
LINCOLN'S MEASUREMENTS

compared with "Old Americans"

These graphs show Ales Hrdlicka's measurements of 272 Americans, whose family origin was comparable to what we know of Lincoln's

- ↓ Lincoln from the Mills mask
- ↓ Lincoln from the Volk mask
- ↓ Both masks the same

HEIGHT



Lincoln was 7 1/2 inches above average

FACE WIDTH



Exceedingly wide at the cheekbones

FOREHEAD HEIGHT



His forehead was high and sloping

BIGONIAL WIDTH



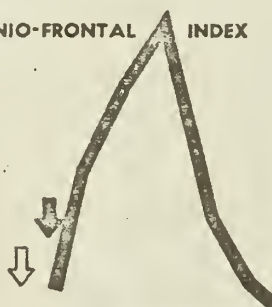
A jaw rarely matched in width

FACE HEIGHT



Face long, especially above mouth

GONIO-FRONTAL INDEX



Jaw overbalanced wide forehead

NOSE WIDTH



Actually wide, but not relatively

MINIMUM FRONTAL



Herndon wrongly called forehead narrow

NOSE HEIGHT



Length of nose eclipsed its moderate width

MOUTH WIDTH



EAR LENGTH



In several places Herndon mentions Lincoln's lips. The lower is distinctly fuller than the upper, being about twice as thick, with a slight downward curve, or eversion. Its fullness is emphasized by the long thin upper lip. The mouth, compared with Hrdlicka's Old Americans, is wide, and the ears are long. The cast also supports Herndon's comment that the ears were prominent and stood out from the head.

One of Lincoln's best-known characteristics is his height. Herndon recorded his stature as 6 feet 4 inches, although other sources mention 6 feet 2 inches. He was a tall boy throughout his childhood and adolescence. At sixteen, Richardson remembered him as 6 feet, and at 17 he was said to have been 6 feet 2 inches. It is very likely that Herndon was correct in giving Lincoln 6 feet 4 inches in maturity if he were already 6 feet at sixteen and 6 feet 2 inches at 17. His weight in maturity seems to have ranged from 160 to 180, the latter figure in his later days.

If we had no other descriptions than these of Lincoln's bodily build, it would be obvious that he was an extremely elongated and linear type. Here is how Herndon pictured him: "Thin, wiry, sinewy, raw and big heavyboned, thin through the breast to the back and narrow across the shoulders." Herndon goes on to say that most of Lincoln's excessive height was in his legs, for when he was seated he did not appear tall. In another place, he writes that Lincoln had big hands and feet, characteristics noted by many others as well. Although Herndon definitely says that Lincoln was not muscular, here he is contradicted by Lincoln's boyhood friends, who remembered him as powerful and strong, famous for his prowess with ax and in wrestling.

All these details would be ample to convince a somatotyper, using the Sheldonian classification of body build, that here was a body high in the ectomorphic component and certainly low in endomorphy.

Students of body build or constitution who claim that each of the three basic components of body structure—endomorphy (fat), mesomorphy (muscle and skeleton), and ectomorphy (nervous tissue)—is characteristically associated with specific types of personality, might feel justified in tracing Lincoln's well-known melancholy, his lack of interest in food or liquor, his abstraction, "secretiveness," and withdrawal to this marked development of "ectomorphy" in his physical composition. But I am not sure what they would do with his equally well-known love of company, his story-telling, his joy in debate, his patient, even temper that hardly anyone ever saw ruffled. These, according to formula, don't belong with dominant ectomorphs.

How did Lincoln come by this tall, leggy, gaunt frame? His father, Thomas, was nowhere near like this. Recollections of Thomas, gathered years after his death, vary somewhat, but most of them agree fairly well. He was a man of average, or only slightly greater than average height, perhaps 5 feet 8 inches or a shade more. He was muscular and heavy-set, and one informant said he weighed 180 pounds. If heredity accounts for our physical characteristics, Lincoln's bodily conformation would appear to have owed relatively little to his father's influence.

Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, was however very different from Thomas. John Hanks remembered her as tall, slender, dark-skinned, with a sharp, angular face and a "big" forehead. Another reported a pale complexion, dark hair, sharp features, high forehead, and bright, keen gray or hazel eyes. Dennis Hanks, her nephew, who didn't think much of his infant cousin Abraham when he saw him shortly after his birth, recalls Nancy as "spare-made," 5 feet 8 inches, and weighing 130 pounds. Everyone who remembered her at all spoke of her exceptional intelligence. Lincoln's father, on the contrary, never made any impression of intellectual ability.

These comments might suggest a strong resemblance between mother and son. Lincoln himself seemed to have sensed this special bond with his mother, for Herndon reported that Lincoln confided in him that he owed all he was to his mother. This has ordinarily been taken to mean that Lincoln here acknowledged the moral influence of his mother, but it may well come from his recognition of all that he inherited from her. Nancy was spare and for a woman very tall; Abraham was tall and gaunt. Nancy had sharp prominent features; Abraham had a rugged and bony face. Nancy had a high forehead; so had Lincoln. Nancy was noticeably dark; Lincoln was described by Herndon as having a dark skin—"saffron-colored." Lincoln's gray eyes are not diagnostic here since both his mother and father had light eyes.

It would appear that all the efforts of genealogists and historians to trace the secret of Lincoln's character in his paternal lineage have been ill-advised. How often biographers confuse name-lineage with genetic-lineage, forgetting that the mother's line is just as important in heredity as the father's! Unfortunately, in Lincoln's case little is known about the Hankses. They were in many respects typical of the frontier they lived in. Nancy herself was born out of wedlock and her father is not known. Lucy Hanks, her mother, had come from Virginia as did the Lincolns, following the Wilderness Trail to Kentucky.

The Lincolns were supposed to have been derived from Scotch-English stock, although the genealogy is not too well documented. One tradition traces them back through Virginia, Berks County in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and ultimately England, while another brings them directly to Virginia from England. The origin of the Hankses is unknown. But both these families had been frontier families and had been for several generations moving in a stream of population that was made up mainly

Continued on page 90

ly of English, Scotch, and Scotch-Irish strains, with perhaps some Pennsylvania Dutch. The chances are that intermarriage among these stocks had been going on in the frontier meltingpot, and Lincoln's ancestry may have included most, if not all, of them.

Although tall stature is typical of these people, Lincoln's height was wholly exceptional. Old Americans in Hrdlicka's sample average about 5 feet 8½ inches. Lincoln was about 7½ inches taller than this average. Stature like his occurs about once in a thousand in Hrdlicka's sample. In Lincoln's day, before the general average had increased as it has over the last century his height was probably even more unusual.

Perhaps the explanation lies in the chance sorting of genes that produced Lincoln and in nothing more. On the other hand, it may not be without significance that Lincoln was born in the United States and particularly in Kentucky. The stocks that formed the ancestry of Lincoln have shown a marked increase in size in the United States compared by successive generations or compared with their sources in the Old World. But in particular Kentucky, along with other Appalachian Mountain regions, was characterized during frontier times by stature taller than the national average. In the small Kentucky community in which Lincoln was born, stature fully equivalent to his was not uncommon. Abraham Enloe was 6 feet 3 inches, and the Brownfield men were said to be as tall or taller than Lincoln.

Even as late as the Civil War, the tallest men in the country came from Kentucky and Tennessee. Perhaps what Lincoln represents in his body development is a genetic make-up (apparently inherited from his mother) that was particularly responsive to the special environment in which he was born. Others of that same stock seem to have been similarly sensitive. Surely, tall, lanky men are common enough in Kentucky and elsewhere in the Appalachian region for a distinct local type to become crystallized or even caricatured in the public mind. Although the stereotype tends to become too rigid and unrealistic, it does reflect some basis of reality. It was Lincoln's resemblance to this Appalachian Mountain type that struck me in the beginning. This was the reason he seemed so peculiarly American, despite his uncommonness. It was like suddenly remembering a familiar name after a struggle to recall it.

Herndon, again, proved invaluable. Writing in 1887 to Bartlett, who apparently had inquired about Lincoln's physical peculiarities, he said: "You ask me if I ever saw in this great Wild West many men of Lincoln's *type*, and to which I answer, *yes*. The first settlers of central and southern Illinois were men of that type. They came from the limestone regions of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, etc., and were men of great strength, physically fine and by nature were mentally strong. They were originals, were individualists. . . . No one was like Lincoln, and yet many were of his type. I cannot now further explain than to say that conditions made this class of men . . . may explain to you sometime. Limestone water, so scientists say, gave us big frames. . . ." It is clear, whatever the correctness of his theory, that Herndon was referring not only to character but to physique, and since he was one of the same migration as Lincoln and knew these southern mountain men personally, he was making a first-

hand observation. In his recent book on Lincoln, James Garfield Randall also calls attention to the resemblance in physical type between Clay, Jackson, and Lincoln, all from the same general region and from the same frontier stock.

No American, I suppose, can look at the face of Lincoln with a completely fresh eye. These features have been with us all from our earliest recollections. We have seen them in public monuments, in our first history books, on the walls of our school rooms paired with the portrait of Washington, on coins and stamps. Each February 12 they reappear in newspapers and magazines. And at any time throughout the year we are likely to see that familiar face in countless places and on innumerable documents. In looking at these representations of Lincoln, we remember what we have read of his life, his humanity, his humor, and his suffering. His deeply moving letter to Mrs. Bixby, and the humility of his words spoken at Gettysburg are all part of the overtones that affect us as we look upon that face.

Perhaps for these reasons, these features that Donn Piatt, when he first saw them, called "the homeliest . . . I ever saw" have undergone a metamorphosis. But I suspect it is because we see Lincoln stripped of the troublesome and inconsequential detail—the wrinkled ill-fitting clothes, the tousled hair, the awkward gesture, the immediacy—that we can see him as his more sensitive contemporaries like Herndon could. "He was odd, angular, homely, but when those little gray eyes and face were lighted up by the inward soul on fires of emotion, defending the liberty of man or proclaiming the truths of the Declaration of Independence, or defending justice and the eternal right, then it was that all those apparently ugly or homely features sprang into organs of beauty." And Herndon adds, "Sometimes it did appear to me that Lincoln was just fresh from the presence and hands of his Creator."

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LINCOLN LORE

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BEHOLDING LINCOLN'S FACE FOR THE LAST TIME

A recent visit to the Lincoln Tomb at Springfield where the Cashmans make visitors welcome and send them away with a greater veneration for the memory of Lincoln, recalled to the editor of *Lincoln Lore* the story of the last opening of the martyr's casket.

An unsuccessful attempt made by vandals on Nov. 7, 1876 to steal the body of Lincoln and hold it for ransom, was indirectly responsible for the formation of the "Lincoln Guard of Honor." It became a corporation under the laws of Illinois on February 13, 1880, the organization meeting having taken place at the Lincoln tomb on the preceding Lincoln's birthday. The original incorporators were J. C. Power, J. N. Reece, G. S. Dana, Jas. F. McNeill, N. B. Wiggins and Clinton L. Conkling. The chief purpose of the group was "to guard the precious dust of Abraham Lincoln from vandal hands." Also the group on the anniversary of Lincoln's death and later on his birthday, conducted appropriate memorial services.

George Francis Train, an eccentric author, was in Springfield on October 15, 1887 and may have been responsible for starting the rumors that eventually led to the opening of the casket four years later. The press dispatch about his visit states that he "succeeded in creating a sensation today at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. . . . Train declared unqualifiedly that the remains in the sarcophagus were not those of Lincoln but only a dummy or a sham." He went on to explain he had reason to believe a body was substituted for Lincoln when the attempt was made to steal the body.

A commission which had been appointed to reconstruct the tomb was ready to place the body in its final resting place when another widespread rumor was afloat. It alleged they no longer possessed the body, causing them to order the opening of the casket before it was finally interred. A steel container, reinforced by concrete several feet below the place where the sarcophagus was to stand, had been prepared for the casket. On September 26, 1901, the surviving members of the Guard of Honor were invited to join the commissioners with a few other guests for the purpose of viewing and identifying the body. The members of the Guard of Honor had last looked upon the face of Lincoln on April 14, 1887. The casket was opened, the body identified and secretly buried.

The commissioners: John J. Brinhold, acting Governor of Illinois; Wm. U. Williamson, treasurer; and Joseph H. Freeman, Assistant Superintendent signed a certificate identifying the body.

The above mentioned Mr. Williamson has left this reminiscence of the occasion: "There was Lincoln, looking just like his last pictures, seemingly asleep. His face was darker than yours or mine now, but that was to be expected. Otherwise there was scarcely a change. His features stood out as they had been engraved on my memory from pictures of him. It seemed as though we might have spoken to him and awakened him. He wore a black bow tie like the one I have on and one bow was slightly mildewed. But those were the only signs of decomposition we could observe."

Supplementing the commissioner's report the Guard of Honor also subscribed to this certification:

"Springfield, Illinois
September 26, 1901.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that on this twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one, we were present at the Lincoln monument in Oak Ridge cemetery, at Springfield, in the state of Illinois, and by request of the commissioners of the Lincoln monument, acting in their official capacity under their appointment, by virtue of an act of the general assembly of the state of Illinois, we personally viewed the remains of Abraham Lincoln, the casket having for that purpose been opened by direction of said commissioners.

"We further certify that the remains so viewed by us are in fact those of Abraham Lincoln, that we saw the same before they were first laid to rest; that we were each personally present in the same place on the fourteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and then viewed the remains, and we again identified them as the same.

"We further certify that we were present at the place and day first above mentioned and saw the same casket containing these sacred remains placed in their final resting place in the Lincoln monument, under the direction of said commissioners.

"Witness our hands the day and year first aforesaid.

(Signed) George N. Black, Secretary and member of the National Lincoln Monument Association; J. N. Reece, Edward S. Johnson, Joseph P. Lindley, Clinton L. Conkling, Members of the Lincoln Guard of Honor."

Aside from the three commissioners mentioned and the five members of the Lincoln Guard of Honor, these other persons were present on the occasion: Mrs. Albert Bayless, James S. Culver, Ross Culver, Leon F. Hopkins, Mrs. Edward Johnston, Fleetwood H. Lindley, B. D. Monroe, James S. McCullough, Jacob Thomson, Floyd K. Whittermore, Charles L. Wiley. It will be observed that there were two women present. Mrs. Bayless was the wife of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for Illinois, and Mrs. Johnston was the wife of the custodian of the tomb. There were also two boys who viewed the remains, Ross Culver, son of James Culver, and Fleetwood Lindley, son of Joseph Lindley.

Two of the men present were tinsmiths employed to first cut away the zinc covering of the casket and then reseal it. They were Leon L. Hopkins and his nephew, Charles L. Wiley. It was Mr. Hopkins who did the work on April 14, 1887 and he was again called to assist in opening the casket on Sept. 26, 1901. While he worked alone on the earlier instance, he brought his nephew with him on this later call. It was Wiley who did the actual task of resealing the casket in 1901 and therefore he was virtually the last man to behold the face of Abraham Lincoln.

This is Charles L. Wiley's description of how the face and apparel of the departed Lincoln looked in 1901: "The President's features were well preserved and he appeared just as he did in pictures I had seen of him. He was dressed in a black suit, white shirt with collar attached and black tie. The pillow of the coffin head receded and the head was thrown back and slightly to one side. The same melancholy look was upon his face."

Edith Johnson

World's Best Loved Face

HOW many millions in our country and elsewhere will focus their attention today on one face, that of the "unfathomable Lincoln." For it will appear on the pages of thousands of newspapers, taking account of Lincoln's birthday, and in schoolrooms all over the land.

Of the many who have tried to describe the face of the great emancipator, none, perhaps, ever expressed his thought so eloquently as Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Wilson, when he spoke of Lincoln's "noble brow, the strong chin, those somber and steadfast eyes. They were the eyes of one who saw with sympathy and interpreted with common sense. They were the eyes of earnest idealism checked by the possible and the practical. They were the eyes of the truly humble spirit whose ambition was not love of power but a desire to be supremely useful. They were the eyes of compassion and deep understanding. They saw far more than they looked at. They believed in far more than they saw. They loved men, not for what they were, but for what they might become. They were patient eyes, eyes that could wait and wait and live on the faith that right would win. They were eyes that challenged the nobler things in men and brought out hidden largeness. They were humorous eyes that saw things in their true proportions and their real relationships. They looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men. They were the eyes of unflinching courage and unfaltering faith, arising out of sincere dependence upon the Master of the Universe."

THOUGH almost 100 years have passed since Lincoln died, books continue to be written about him. Writers and speakers at Lincoln Day gatherings vie with each other in giving him praise.

Albert Edward Wiggam tells of an experiment when he showed a picture of Lincoln to a group of young women in a magazine publishing office, all having had some experience with art. All exclaimed, "Isn't it beautiful." One remarked, "It reminds me of the mountains where I was born." Said another, "It takes me back to the seashore where I lived as a child." A third said, "It reminds me of my father," while a fourth remarked, "It makes me want to be good." Wiggam's own comment was, "Lincoln was a document of God."

It is said that George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, studied the Lincoln mask for 125 days before he attempted to make his statue of Lincoln. Daniel Chester French and Gutzon Borglum made similarly painstaking studies of his face and figure before they embodied their impressions in busts and statues.

IT is significant, is it not, that of all persons the first to discern beauty in Lincoln's features are the artists; men and women, alike?

Said one artist, "You need training to see the beauty in Lincoln's face just as you need training to appreciate the wonder of Shakespeare's poems and plays.

Artists in unison have pronounced the tradition of Lincoln's "homeliness" as false. If some do not see beauty in his face that is because they have seen nothing like it, say sculptors and painters. There has been no face with which to compare it. As we come to think of it who among us has such a face, one that might have been mistaken for Lincoln's in his life-time?

AMONG Lincoln's portraits those showing his full face are general favorites, possibly because his eyes look straight out of his crag-like features and this is characteristic of many other strong men.

Havelock Ellis, the noted biologist said as much after making a study of British men of genius. Though some of them had not possessed features otherwise impressive, they did have "wonderful eyes."

Lincoln's type of facial beauty, one that almost never is seen, is especially arresting because of the nobility of his countenance, one that has reminded one of "mountain fastnesses" another of "the grandeur of the ocean storm." In any event it is a face revealing so many of those human characteristics that have made America great.

Springfield, Illinois Press
February 11, 1959

RANDOM NOTES

BY DUFFY

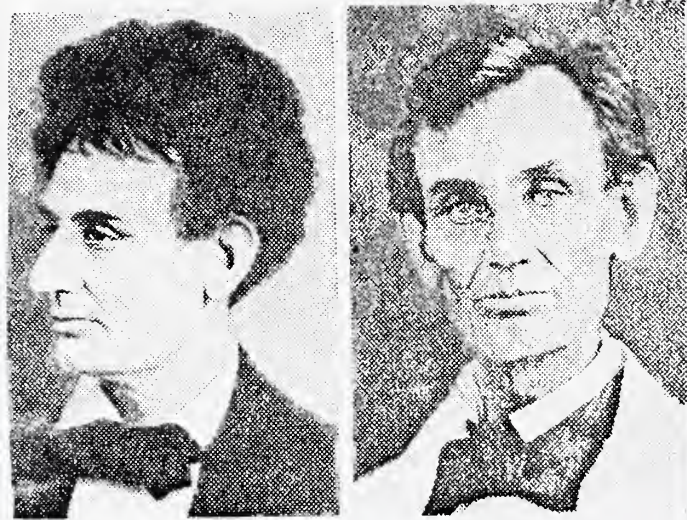
Lincoln's birthdate is tomorrow, the 150th anniversary of his birth. One thing in particular comes to our mind as we write, the remark made not too many months ago by a prominent government official on the day of his retirement from the Eisenhower sub-cabinet. This officer who considered himself a very homely man (which he probably is) made the inept remark that "He is the ugliest man to serve in Washington since Abraham Lincoln." That remark struck me as not only inept but scurrilous . . . Abraham Lincoln's face has something about it—something of reverence and thoughtfulness, with a feeling that behind the face was a tremendously deep soul . . . Lincoln was not an ugly man—far from it—for nothing with great character can be ugly, and no man on earth in our time and for centuries before our time had the character shown in Lincoln's face . . . no doubt the gentleman who made the remark in comparing himself with Lincoln has since many times regretted his remark, as he should—

Faces of Lincoln

Friends have written that no single photograph ever captured the essential Lincoln. John Nicolay, private secretary to the Great Emancipator, the 156th anniversary of whose birth is being observed today, wrote: "Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip; in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay and back again, from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, faraway look with prophetic intuitions that beheld the awful panorama of war and heard the cry of oppression and suffering. There are many pictures of Lincoln; there is no portrait of him." Here are a few of the pictures of that strange, homely, haunting friendly face.



Millions see this portrait daily. It is on the \$5 bill.



Left: One of the earliest pictures of Lincoln, taken at age 30 in 1839. Right: An 1858 photo showing Lincoln's visage in fine detail.



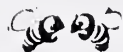
The photo at the left, considered by many experts as Lincoln's finest portrait, was taken in 1860 by Alexander Hesler of Chicago. The start of his beard is a feature of the photo at right, taken later in 1860.

For my course in gerontology and geriatrics that I give to the interns at Michael Reese Hospital I am always looking for visual educational material. Two of the pictures of Abraham Lincoln in the Feb. 12 Chicago Daily News illustrate senescent facial changes to perfection, and the emotional variations can readily be deduced. Would it be possi-



ble for me to obtain copies of the photographs of Lincoln, as appeared in your paper, and labeled "About 1861: Early beard picture," and "Four days before death"?—Dr. A.E., The American Society for Geriatric Dentistry

Our pleasure. We've sent the copies, courtesy of the Chicago Daily News photo studio. And, here they are for the rest of our readers. The early beard picture is on the left.



dress goods during the war. There were various movements among women during the Civil War to eschew finery and especially foreign-made finery in order to save money better spent for patriotic purposes. Lincoln and Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase opposed Mrs. Lincoln's participation, however, because the government needed the tariff revenue from imported goods to support the war effort. Their making the "wearing of rich clothing a patriotic duty" coincided with Mary's inclinations anyway: hence all the finery.

Two other points made by Mrs. Swisshelm were to reverberate through the Lincoln literature for a century. Mrs. Lincoln, she wrote, "was the inspiration of her husband's political career." Although Lamont spoke in a vague way of Mary's ambition as a goad to Abraham's career, Herndon was to argue quite a different thesis. To be sure, Herndon mentioned Mrs. Lincoln's ambition, but he saw the marriage as such a disastrous match that he could hardly attribute any happy consequence to it in a direct way, least of all, Lincoln's rise to the Presidency. He did, however, suggest a backhanded way in which Mary had an influence on that career: Lincoln's home life was so wretched that he tended steadily to his career rather than go home and spend time with his wife. That was probably nonsense, but Herndon was certainly correct in another judgment on his famous law partner. "His ambition was a little engine that knew no rest," Herndon said. He knew, in this case from firsthand experience, that Lincoln needed no external goad to success.

Mrs. Swisshelm was wrong, and her error was to have effects quite different from what she intended. She pointed to Mary's role with feminist pride. Later, a more sentimental public which preferred to see its political heroes as ambitionless statues, would blame Mary for the sin of ambition. Lincoln, they would say, had no such fault, but his wife did and drove him, a reluctant and self-effacing man, to realms of power he never lusted after himself.

Jane Grey Swisshelm had been an ardent antislavery advocate, by her own admission often critical of President Lincoln for moving too slowly against slavery. Her letter on Mary Todd Lincoln stated boldly: "In statesmanship she was farther-sighted than he [Lincoln]—was more radically opposed to slavery, and urged him to Emancipation, as a matter of right, long before he saw it as a matter of necessity." This judgment, too, was almost certainly wrong, but it has had remarkable staying power and has been given considerable prominence by those modern writers bent on reviving Mary Todd Lincoln's reputation.

The problem with the Mary Todd Lincoln-as-radical thesis, if it may be called that, is not that it misrepresents her views so much as it misrepresents their influence. The fact of the matter is that Mary's political views were so shallow and her political instincts so worthless that she had no discernible political influence on her husband. It is quite true that she voiced enthusiastic praise of the Emancipation Proclamation, especially when speaking to Charles Sumner, but did she ever criticize the policies of the Lincoln administration? No, and she did not influence them before the fact, either. When Lincoln was working for John C. Frémont's election in 1856, his wife was writing to a friend that she was too Southern at heart and had too much trouble with Irish servant girls to support anyone but Millard Fillmore. Fillmore was running against the ardently anti-slavery Frémont as both the Whig and anti-immigrant Know-Nothing candidate. Her views had no influence then, and there is not one iota of evidence to support the view that they were influential in 1862.

In the chapter about Mrs. Lincoln's growing antislavery views in Ruth Painter Randall's *Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage*, Mrs. Randall quotes Mrs. Swisshelm at some length. Yet the chapter does not cite a single Mary Todd Lincoln letter written before Lincoln's decision to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. Because she "merged herself in her husband," as Mrs. Swisshelm saw, Mary liked her husband's proclamation, but it was *his* proclamation. It probably would not have mattered to American history had Mrs. Lincoln retained her old

Southern feeling and disliked the Emancipation Proclamation. She disliked and distrusted William H. Seward too, but Lincoln kept him on as Secretary of State throughout his administration.

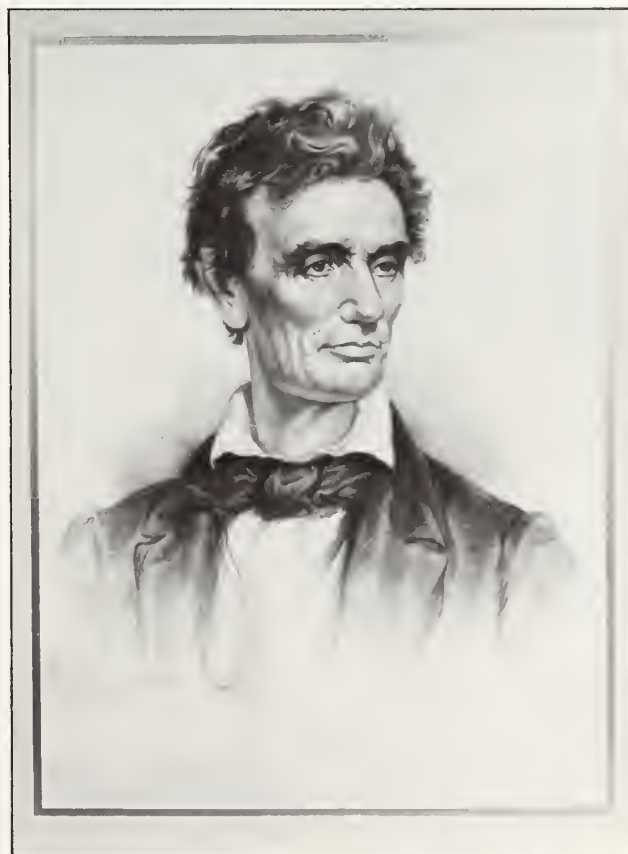
Mary Todd Lincoln should not be made the scapegoat for Lincoln's human passions, like political ambition; nor should she be credited with her husband's accomplishments, like the Emancipation Proclamation. She should be remembered as a woman who married brilliantly and who, by merging her life in her husband's, thereby touched greatness herself. After Lincoln died, greatness departed her life. Jane Grey Swisshelm knew that too. She knew that Mrs. Lincoln's life after 1865 was wretched and that Mary wanted nothing as much as she wanted to leave it behind. So Mrs. Swisshelm greeted news of her old friend's death as "sad, glad tidings."

THE PRINT THAT NEVER WAS

"If entirely agreeable to you, we should be glad of the privilege and opportunity to engrave your likeness on steel—with a view to publication of the same. . . ." So began a letter from A. H. Ritchie & Co. written to Abraham Lincoln on June 28, 1860. To interest the busy Republican Presidential nominee in their proposition, they criticized their competition:

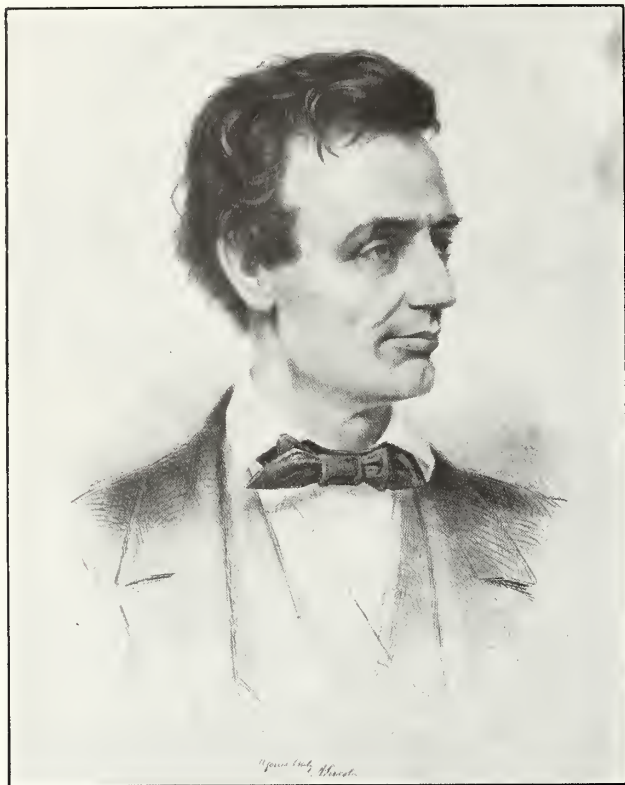
We notice that the likeness made by Mr Hicks and that by Mr Barry are both to be reproduced on stone & in the *lithographic* form. You are undoubtedly aware that a *steel plate engraving* is very much better & more desirable than a lithograph—By the first named process, is secured not only a higher degree of finish, & greater vigor & character, but much better artistic effect—

Ritchie & Co. proposed a bust portrait, about 16 by 12 inches in size.



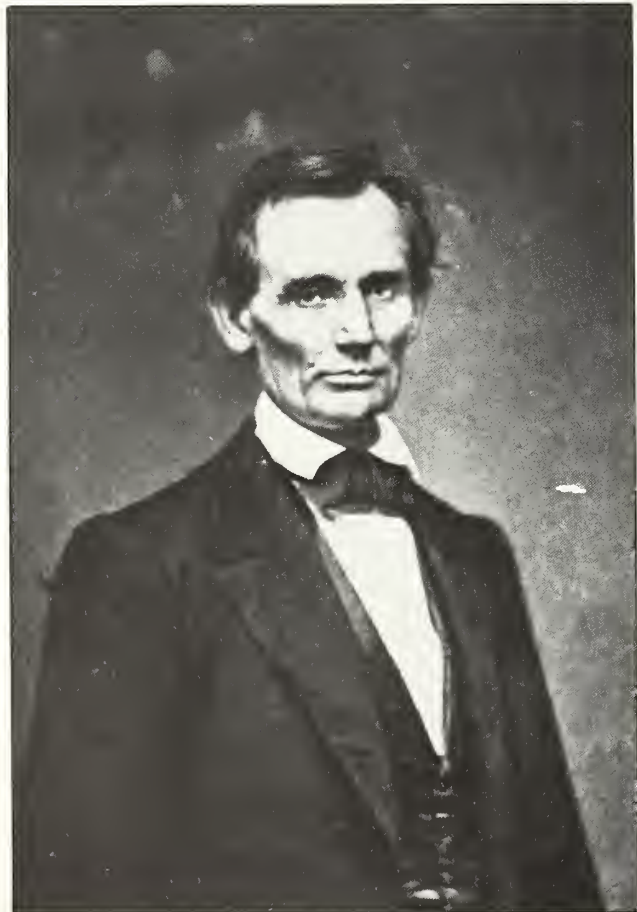
From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 3. Lithograph of the Charles A. Barry portrait.



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 4. Lithograph of the Thomas Hicks portrait.



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

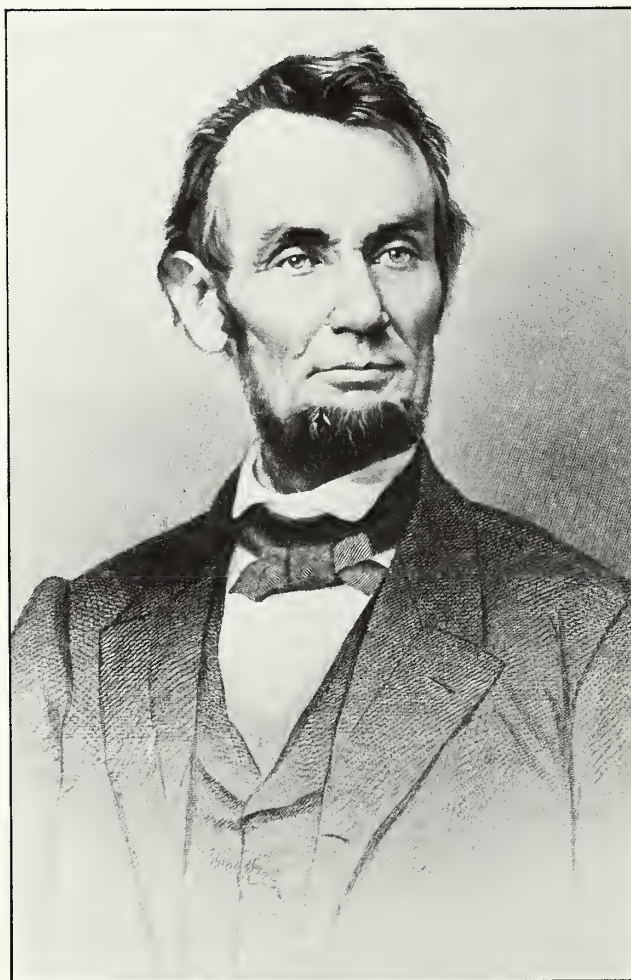
FIGURE 5. The Cooper Institute photograph, already much caricatured by June, 1860.

The engravers' problem was the lack of a model on which to base their print. "We would use [Mathew] Brady's Photographic likeness," they told Lincoln, "were it not that it has been already extensively copied & caricatured & we wish something different." They were referring to the so-called Cooper Institute photograph, taken by Brady on February 27, 1860, the day of Lincoln's famous Cooper Institute Speech. Astonishingly, that likeness already seemed common less than a month and a half after Lincoln's nomination.

The letter asked Lincoln to "get an Ambrotype or a Daguerreotype taken by one of the best operators as near you as may be convenient." The engravers enclosed instructions for the photographer and a handsome sample of their work. They also cited as references D. Appleton & Co., Booksellers & Publishers, and C. A. Dana of the New York *Tribune*. They would "guarantee that no improper use will be made of the likeness you may have sent to us."

Lincoln missed his opportunity to have the distinguished firm spread his likeness far and wide, and Ritchie & Co. missed their opportunity to cash in on the demand for portraits of the little-known Republican candidate. For some reason Lincoln did not or could not do what they wished, and the engraving company had to content itself with publishing prints of Lincoln long after he became President.

Ritchie & Co., nevertheless, did well with Lincoln's image. After his assassination they published an expensive deathbed scene and the enormously popular "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 6. Ritchie finally produced a large engraving for Lincoln's second Presidential campaign.

The Miami Herald

JOHN S. KNIGHT (1894-1981)

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Lincoln's nose was broken by my kin, pupil writes

APR 28 1983

CLEVELAND — (UPI) — A class assignment given all elementary school pupils in a suburban Cleveland district has produced a 125-year-old account of how Abraham Lincoln's nose was broken.

Pupils in the Mayfield Heights Schools were asked to write stories and while most wrote comic books, poems or short stories, Christopher Shaffer, 11, submitted an illustrated, 11-page booklet entitled, "The Broken Nose . . . a True Story."

The tale, about his great-great-grandfather, Sullivan M. Cutcheon, has been passed down through generations and his mother, Cherie, says it is backed by letters and an autographed picture of Abe Lincoln.

According to Christopher's book, Cutcheon met Lincoln after he

moved to Springfield, Ill., to become superintendent of schools in the 1850s.

Cutcheon and Lincoln, at that time an attorney, became good friends and occasional recreational sparring partners.

One day in 1858, Christopher wrote, Lincoln and Cutcheon were sparring behind Cutcheon's house. They were laughing as they punched each other, but one blow broke Lincoln's nose.

After Lincoln left Springfield for the White House, he sent Cutcheon a few letters and an autographed photograph, which Mrs. Shaffer says are kept in a safe-deposit box.

She says the picture, showing a clean-shaven Lincoln and signed, "Yours truly, Abe Lincoln," has been authenticated by historians.



7 September 2007 16:22

Laser scan of Lincoln's death mask reveals President's lop-sided face

By Leonard Doyle in Washington

Published: 15 August 2007

More books have been written about Abraham Lincoln than any other American - about 14,000 of them in all. By the time the 16th American president was felled by an assassin's bullet on Good Friday in 1865, the "Honest Abe" industry was already in full spate.

Since then, a mythical image of a bearded man in a tall hat has hovered over the country. But yesterday the Lincoln industry got another twist, when something that artists, sculptors and photographers have known all along - that President Abe's face had a good side - was confirmed by science.

Using a scanning technique normally used to create 3D images of children with cleft lips and palates before and after surgery, scientists scanned a bronze and a plaster copy of two life masks, owned by the Chicago History Museum. The left side of Lincoln's face was much smaller than the right, an aberration called cranial facial microsomia.

The defect joins a long list of ailments - including smallpox, heart illness and depression - that modern doctors have diagnosed in the US Civil War-era president.

Confirmation of the defect is unlikely to stop today's politicians using his image. But what those who invoke his name to their cause like to forget is that he enjoyed telling filthy stories and that his views on race would have him drummed out of politics today. Books have been written to fit all sorts of obsessions and biases. There is one - written by a fundamentalist Christian - which sets out to prove that he was a fundamentalist Christian, despite a lifetime spent ignoring organised religion. Another book says his greatness lay in his struggle with clinical depression, written by someone with depression. More recently, was a book written by a gay activist saying Abe was gay.

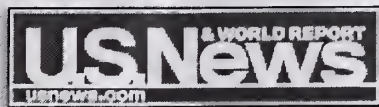
But the science underpinning the latest revision of his image seems watertight. Lincoln's contemporaries noted his left eye at times drifted upwards independently of his right eye, a condition now termed strabismus. Lincoln's smaller, left eye socket may have had a displaced muscle controlling vertical movement, said Dr Ronald Fishman, who led the study published in the Archives of Ophthalmology.

Most people's faces are asymmetrical, Dr Fishman said, but Lincoln's case was extreme, with the bony ridge over his left eye rounder and thinner than the right, and set backwards.

When Lincoln was a boy, he was kicked in the head by a horse. What is not known is whether the kick or a developmental defect - or neither - gave Lincoln his lopsided face.

As Lincoln himself said: "Nobody has ever expected me to be president. In my poor, lean lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

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Tuesday, February 17, 2009

Abraham Lincoln: From Homely to Heroic

The astute politician transformed his image before and during his presidency

By Harold Holzer

Posted February 13, 2009

"I have stepped out upon this platform that I may see you and that you may see me," President-elect Abraham Lincoln announced when his inaugural train steamed into tiny Painesville, Ohio, on a chill February morning in 1861. "And in the arrangement," he quipped to the curious crowd lining the tracks, "I have the best of the bargain."

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Recommendations by ioomia

No one on hand would have disagreed. Then how did a face that one critic of the day described as "sooty and scoundrelly" become a beloved national icon? The answer may lie with the unlikely image-maker imaginable: modest Abraham Lincoln himself.

Growing up on the prairie, coming of age in New Salem and Springfield, Ill., campaigning for public office, or presenting his weather-beaten, newly bearded face to a curious public en route to Washington, Lincoln never harbored any illusions about his looks—or lack of them.

An old Indiana acquaintance labeled him as a "drowl looking boy" even at age 10. Growing "battered and bronzed" as a young man, Lincoln's leathery skin grew littered with unsightly moles and pitted as if "scarred by vitriol." His huge nose made him look like he was sniffing at some suspicious odor, while pitcher-handle ears flapped akimbo from his smallish, coconut-shaped head. Framing this startling face was a thatch of unruly hair that, he joked, "had a way of getting up in the world." (He once refused the loan of a colonel's comb, saying: "Now, if you have anything you comb your horse's mane with, that might do.")

It is entirely likely Lincoln developed his famous sense of humor in self-defense—mocking himself before he could be mocked by others. Not that he lacked assailants. Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan once dismissed him as a "gorilla." (Lincoln had the last laugh visually, wearing his high

stovepipe hat when he posed with McClellan on the Antietam battlefield, making the diminutive

general look like a midget.) Elegant New England author Nathaniel Hawthorne sneered, after an 1862 White House visit, that Lincoln was, quite simply, "the homeliest man I ever saw." When Hawthorne submitted this description to the *Atlantic Monthly*, his editors were so shocked they censored the disobliging line from his published report.

"It is allowed to be ugly in this world," Lincoln once sighed to a portrait painter, "but not as ugly as I am." Within that anecdote lurks the vital clue to the robust, counterintuitive endurance of the Lincoln image. After all, he said it while posing for an artist. Homely or not, he proved willing, even eager, to have his uncomely "phiz" recorded by photographers, painters, and sculptors, all the while making a political virtue out of self-deprecation. No leader ever fussed over his appearance less, or cultivated its reproduction more.

At the dawn of the era of photography, Abraham Lincoln could hardly be bothered with the cumbersome sittings the primitive technology required. Only occasionally coaxed into galleries by friends and colleagues, he sat for no more than a handful of rustic camera studies before journeying to New York to deliver his Cooper Union speech in 1860.

There, Lincoln discovered the power of his own image. At Mathew Brady's plush Broadway gallery, he posed for a brilliantly arranged portrait that softened the harsh lines in his face and emphasized his powerful frame against the evocative backdrop of a classical pillar and a pile of thick books. Brady transformed the prairie politician into a statesman. Widely copied and distributed during a presidential campaign in which, true to the tradition of the time, Lincoln did no campaigning of his own, the picture became his surrogate before image-starved voters. Months later, the victor acknowledged: "Brady and the Cooper Union speech made me president." He had come to understand that images, no less important than words, could make or break political reputations.

During the campaign, Lincoln had become a remarkably willing subject for artists in all media. Examining his first portrait in oils, he told painter Thomas Hicks: "I think the picture has a somewhat pleasanter expression than I usually have, but that, perhaps, is not an objection." That was because he hoped the "pleasant" profile would influence voters when lithographed for distribution in crucial New York.

Busy as the nominee became, juggling an avalanche of correspondence and throngs of demanding visitors, Lincoln patiently sat for a succession of painters who followed Hicks to Springfield. Along the way, Lincoln modestly convinced each artist that he was posing under protest, was too ugly to be captured on canvas, and could barely comprehend why all the fuss was being made. While playing at being self-effacing, he slyly encouraged works that spread his likeness throughout the nation and

made a virtue of his rough-hewn looks.

"I cannot see why all you artists want a likeness of me," he once joked, "unless it is because I am the homeliest man in the state of Illinois." There was much truth in the outburst. Lincoln sensed he needed what today's political handlers call "image mediation." In his willingness to cooperate he became increasingly aware of how such likenesses could ease concerns about his appearance (a Southern newspaper had branded him "a horrid looking wretch"), benefit him politically, and ultimately illustrate, even influence, his place in history.

Posing was no simple matter; it required considerable effort. Long before the Kodak revolution, much less the age of the cellphone snapshot, photos routinely took many minutes to arrange and at least 20 seconds of frozen immobility to record. Painters needed days, even weeks, to prepare. Lincoln typically insisted, "Don't fasten me into a chair"—but unfailingly proved cooperative.

Sculpture was the most demanding of all artistic media. But Lincoln let Leonard Wells Volk slather his face with wet plaster, straws in his nostrils to facilitate breathing, and held still for an hour while the goop hardened into a life mask. Lincoln found the process "anything but agreeable," but he later returned to Volk's studio to sit for a bust, even agreeing to shed some clothes so Volk could capture "his breast and brawny shoulders." Lincoln must have been embarrassed. He fled the gallery so quickly he forgot to pull up his undershirt and had to creep sheepishly back to Volk's rooms when passersby on the street laughingly pointed to the sleeves he was trailing below his coattails.

Then why did he submit to the process? More than a decade earlier, Lincoln had gone to Washington as a congressman. Outside the U. S. Capitol he saw Horatio Greenough's controversial but imposing statue of a bare-chested George Washington as a Roman god. Although mocked as a "Venus in the bath," the colossal marble obviously impressed the freshman representative. Why else would he later pose half-naked for Volk? Only because he harbored the dream that he might someday inspire heroic sculpture himself.

Eventually he did. Even once the Civil War sapped his time and energy, President Lincoln made time for image-makers. Sculptors William Marshall Swaine, Sarah Fisher Ames, Clark Mills, and Vinnie Ream poked and prodded him to make what Lincoln deprecated as "mud heads," yet for which he cheerfully sat. He visited local photography galleries to provide his public a succession of increasingly sympathetic portraits for their family albums. And once he signed the Emancipation Proclamation—tellingly confiding, "If my name ever goes into history it will be because of this act"—Lincoln encouraged still more artists to immortalize him, now with an eye not just on election but on reputation. One of them, Francis B. Carpenter, enjoyed the run of the White House for six full months

to create the monumental painting of Lincoln reading the first draft of his Emancipation Proclamation to his fractious cabinet—a canvas adapted into one of the best-selling engravings of the 19th century and recently revived for the cover of Doris Kearns Goodwin's best-selling book, *Team of Rivals*.

Even Lincoln would have been amazed by the avalanche of iconic images he ultimately inspired—few of which, from the ubiquitous copper penny (the model photo was posed by Carpenter) to the singular statue in the Lincoln Memorial (whose hands were modeled after a cast by Volk), would exist absent his carefully cloaked enthusiasm.

Unveiling a statue of Lincoln lifting a liberated slave from his knees—a work that seems politically incorrect today but attracted thousands of admirers to Washington for its 1876 dedication—ex-slave Frederick Douglass urged Americans to "multiply his statues, to hang his pictures high upon your walls." Lincoln, in his savvy, disarming, diversionary, occasionally even disingenuous way, made sure they could.

Tags: Abraham Lincoln

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AMERICA HAS NO OTHER FACE LIKE THAT.

Powerful, Steadfast Visage Pictured in
the Majority of Magazines.

(Correspondence of The Courant.)
Boston, Mass., Feb. 5.

"The old world has her cathedrals, but America has faces like that," exclaimed the author of "The Simple Life," as he stood before the portrait of Abraham Lincoln in a picture gallery in Philadelphia. It was a charming tribute for Dr. Wagner to offer, and yet as one recalls it, the face of Lincoln arises before his mental vision, and he finds himself murmuring, "but America has no other face like that."

Indeed as one pauses before any newsstand today and sees that one powerful, steadfast visage pictured upon the majority of magazines displayed there, the thought that is uppermost is that the nation is proud to have produced one face like that. And the test of America's good-citizenship lies in her appreciation of "faces like that."

At the approach of the Lincoln centenary an admirable opportunity arises to apply this test, and to ask, "What American citizen stands first today in the hearts of his countrymen. Embodying those qualities of true greatness which cause him to be regarded as second to no man which this nation has produced?" There is but one answer to this question and that answer resounds from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the "Golden Gate" to the "Gilded Dome."

Let us trust that this response, which sounds so hopeful a note in our medley of American music, will be wafted across the sea to Mr. Gilbert H. Chesterton and others, who find our most serious national menace the aggrandizement of the millionaire, and who point out as the characteristic signs of the times the dollar sign. The fact that Abraham Lincoln stands today for the most popular national ideal of a Christian gentleman as well as of a great statesman and administrator, is another hopeful thought which may go to refute the suggestion from London that we are preparing to founder upon the rock of religious superstition, which is labelled "Christian Science," "Mormonism," and other menacing inscriptions.

A "religious war" in which "heathenism" stands a chance of "winning out," and the establishment of a "moneyed aristocracy," devoid of the virtues of its English prototype, seem to Mr. Chesterton the dark shadows which are hovering in the American horizon. Trans-Atlantic shadows these are, we devoutly trust, which may be most completely dispelled by the insistence upon the national ideal as embodied in the life of the man whose centenary takes place upon February 12th.

Yet whether his prognostications be substance or the most fleeting shadow, Mr. Chesterton is good reading and what is more, he is good-natured reading. "His very frowns are better far than smiles of other critics are," but he rarely frowns and when he does, it is such a whimsical amusing frown that all the company enjoy it. It is, for the pure pleasure of the thing, far better to be damned by this delightful Englishman than to have dignified consideration from many another.

ica" in the current number of Hampton's magazine is like all of his productions as suggestive as it is entertaining and with so much that is true in it that it might almost be the truth. He indignantly casts off what have often been pointed out as "bonds of union" between England and America, asserting that even when we use the same words we do so with a different meaning. He announces in defense of his theory that as nations we are bound to misunderstand each other, the statement that "we are all Anglo-Saxons is an illiterate lie." The English never were pure Anglo-Saxons; and if the Americans ever had been they would be turning into something very different every minute by the clock under their present "inundation of Latins and Celts." Having set forth the impossibility of an understanding existing between us and our English cousins, Mr. Chesterton proceeds to interpret national traits and tendencies.

America is above all things blessed with the "gift of the gab," according to his observations many of which have been taken from the observatory of Mr. H. G. Wells. He acknowledges that after all the best thing about America is that she is a republic where the people, who govern, may say their say without suppression or intimidation. "There are men rich enough and strong enough, almost to starve America," he exclaims, "but there are no men strong enough to silence America."

This he declares regretfully is not so in England. "America and Americans may be right or wrong. But England may actually be wrong while Englishmen are right." American superiority, to Chesterton's thinking lies in the direction of this "candid and complete democracy, the fact," "that the truth may be told even if it is not believed."

On the other hand the English possess a superiority in that they have learned not to take their heritage too seriously; the escutcheons, abbeys and tombs, their owners have learned to take lightly. They have seen the sepulchers of so many kings that they can only endure a king because they do not take him seriously.

The destinies of England and America seems, to the writer as distinct as any two destinies in the world. If they both come to smash (which he thinks not at all unlikely), it will be in two entirely different ways.

The chief danger of America and also, perhaps, the chief hope of America, insists Mr. Chesterton, "lies in the cruelty of the rich, the savage loneliness of the self-made millionaire who has not spared himself and will not spare others. But the chief danger of England lies in the kindness of the rich, in a silly, meddling philanthropy which will neither respect the poor as citizens nor feed them properly as slaves, but is always both urging them to go to Browning lectures or to give up beer." The writer believes that "English oligarchy may linger for heaven knows how long unless some great effort is made, because there is a kind loose Christianity taught somewhere in the forest of its feudalism. But American oligarchy is hard and heathen and must be broken because it cannot be bent. The perils of America is that she will have a ghastly upheaval. The horrible peril of England is that she won't."

It is a bit consoling to learn that even if Mr. Chesterton's dream comes true America scores, for he arrives at the conclusion that the main difference in the destinies of the two nations is likely to be that which he points out, namely: "The future of America must certainly be exciting; whereas the future of England might conceivably be quite dull." This is indeed a prophecy for which we may give thanks, for it is a satisfaction to know that we

I REMEMBER a morning long ago when a physician came stumbling in weariness from the sick chamber of a humble house. For hours he had watched by an infant's crib, challenging death for the life of his friend's son. Now the crisis was past and the babe was breathing naturally in deep sleep. As he laid his hand upon the father's shoulder with an affectionate gesture of reassurance, I saw in his face the glory of the divine, that which has made man only a little lower than the angels. I have never forgotten the exaltation of that look. Had it not been "foreordained" that I was to be a minister, it would have made me a doctor!

That look must have been on the face of Moses when he came at last from the Pharaoh with the promise of Israel's immediate release, and on the face of Gideon when he saw the Midianites flee in terror from his noisy pitchers and flaming torches, and on the face of Daniel as he tamed the lions with his eyes. That was the look on Stephen's face, the look that crushed the crashing stones; and every martyr had it. Nor has the passing of time effaced it. It leaves upon a mother's cheek today the same warm glow that beamed upon the sleeping form of Adam's son.

I should have liked to see that look on Lincoln's face when the message came from Grant at Appomattox! Or when he opened the door after he had been in battle at Gettysburg, or as he turned rieve, or as he sat beside a wounded, or as he said, "With malice toward y for all; with firmness in the right, to see the right, let us strive on to mms. the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Shakespeare has written, "In the face I see the map of honor, truth and loyalty." How secure we feel with some people, how uncertain with others, for some there are of whom it is fairly said,

"His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye but not the mind."

SOME there are who have the face without a heart, and a few there are whose faces belie their hearts, who are kinder than they look, whose frowning exteriors are perjured testimonies against their souls, who may seem deliberately to cover gentleness with heavy brows, who call upon frowns to protect them from what they judge to be weakness in smiles and laughter. Or, perhaps, suffering and disillusionment have hardened the surface and only a stern thrust can break through the outer harshness into the inner harmony. Some faces—not many, nor at all times, but some faces—are sometimes marked. And to the relief of some whose countenances misrepresent their minds and hearts, let us believe that "Character does not put all its goods in the shop window"; but Cicero generally is right and "the countenance is the portrait of the soul." Whittier in one of his essays wrote, "quite the ugliest face I ever saw was the face of a woman whom the world called beautiful, but through its silver veil the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful." You have met some people who at first were unimpressive but who grew upon you, who became increasingly attractive as you knew them better and saw. (Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 29) them in their various moods. Long after other faces of a company elude you, theirs remain. You are surprised when, having introduced them to others, you find that they do not instantly charm—surprised, until you remember your own experience.

Even the pictures of Abraham Lincoln, which at the first portray a disheveled head, a necktie and collar awry, heavy lips and a high cheek bone, have the faculty of becoming for those who study them, mirrors of immortal thought, and the same may be said of the work of the masters in bronze and stone. The St. Gaudens Lincoln of Lincoln Park in Chicago will give a thoughtful man or woman restful communion for hours with the spirits of all the just who have been made perfect in suffering. And to stand before the colossal Lincoln of Washington's most recent, and one of the world's most sublime, memorials is worth a journey from the ends of the earth.

THE face of youth is a prophecy; the face of age is a history. The one is a promise; the other is "as a tale that is told." Look upon the faces of the children of our streets today, our crowded, germ-laden, vice-patrolled streets. What do they tell you? What do they say for the future of the church, society and government? We have gunmen who are so young that they must be sent to the juvenile court.

Among other vital questions associated with this tremendous problem of immigration is the question of child life in our great American cities. To allow vast numbers of children to enter our congested centers from other lands and vast numbers of prolific adults, would be under present circumstances a curse against childhood as well as another menace to America. We can not care for them. And remember that when America does not care for her children, they do not care for her. The heart of youth is never a vacuum; when it is empty of love, it is full of hate.

Thousands of children, tens of thousands of children, in America today have written upon their pitiful faces the promise of future dependence or crime. Immersed in poverty, physical squalor and with laborious tasks that make rickets faster than their flying fingers can make artificial flowers, they are learning to sing, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," with a sinister sneer. In Sunday Schools of anarchy they are taught to chant the creed of revolution.

Do you say, "But it is a crime to shut America's great wide door to any who knock or would knock for admission"? Ah, but as I come to know the problems and the living misery of our cities better, I say it is a greater crime to swing that door too wide. Nor do I speak for ourselves and for ours alone. As God knows my heart, the voice is not the voice of selfishness. Better off these children are in the narrow streets of Algiers, in the

slums of Russia, or hidden away behind the mosques of Constantinople or in the darkest hovels of Moscow—better off they are in the circumstance and temperatures of their birth and age-long environment, than they would be here in the disillusionment of Hell Kitchen or the East Side of New York or in any of the miserable slums of our larger cities.

UN Til we can find ourselves, until we can keep pace with the mighty racial urge of new peoples already among us, until we shall have found

more adequate program of Americanization and begin to see a new light upon the faces of these children, sin against them, and against all children, in bringing yet others like them among us.

Shall we abandon these unfortunate then, leave them where they are, make of them to die? No, not if we would escape the searching, condemning eye of One who said, "For as much as ye have done it unto me, I will do so unto you." Shall we leave the little children to come unto us? What then? Why, go where they are. Go to them, minister to them in the ancient cities and among their native hills. The American Christian Church can do vastly more for Armenian child refugees by continuing to support schools, orphanages and industrial colony activities in the Near East than she ever could do by adding to the Armenian populace to Philadelphia and New York and Chicago, or by trying to settle it upon the unfamiliar unoccupied lands of the West.

As for ourselves and our own, let help us to put a new look on the faces of these children.

"Ah, who are these on whom the vision bloom
Of life has withered to the dust and doom,
These little pilgrims premature worn
And bent as if they bore the weight of years,
These childish faces, pallid and forlorn,
Too dull for laughter and too bright for tears."

One of the choicest of all memories is the memory of faces. Names we forget. How often we say it, "I cannot recall your name, but I certainly remember your face." Ah, and who more frequently guilty than the writer. In a few minutes he will very likely saying it to some old friend from Texas, or Ohio, or London, or Shanghai! And it is true. Names unassociated with faces mean little. Smith for instance! But *Smith*—and now see the faces of the Smiths I know with love. And always it is the face that memory brings forward first—a playful brow or furrowed, a full and ruddy cheek, or one grey and fallow; and little blemishes and scars that make sharp and clear the well-loved outline of the old smile that trickles through the corner of the mouth; the hearty laugh that shakes the dimpled double chin.

the trick of the eyebrows; the set of the nostrils. The memory of face. While memory survives, not death can take away from us the memory of our loved ones. The chair is empty, their forms are gone, but the old song has it, "Dear glory, faces I see!"

AND what a truly marvelous it is that no two faces exactly alike. Never was other face like Lincoln's, tell us that never has art created more inspiring countenance never was there another face. *You are you!* Many a vain from whose lives you have the ages are blended in strength and their weakness are different, distinct from. However closely you resemble some or one of them, Even the left and right own face are different—difference that makes *you!* is personality! This to Jesus Christ Himself of all miracles. This evolution at best a p.

first cause. This difference proves God! And among Americans God has released no more marvelous personality than Abraham Lincoln.

"Chained by stern duty to the rock of State,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth
Ever above though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the vultures' beaks that sate
Base appetites and foul with slander wait,
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Like no other man was he, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,
Tender and simple too, he was so near
To all things human, that he cast out fear,
And ever simpler, like a little child
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him,
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled."

What made the look on Lincoln's face? Four things supremely—sorrow, love, faith, service; or, stated otherwise, what he felt, what he experienced, what he believed, and what he did. The look on Lincoln's face was the work of two master artists, impression and expression. His soul was from early life a lonely, cloistered chamber. He left his boyhood heart in the grave of his first beloved. There was a time when reason tottered; there were hours when faith all but failed; but out of his Gethsemane he came to climb his Calvary with the triumphant cry upon his lips, "I believe."

All that he had he gave; all that he was he dedicated. The look on Lincoln's face was set to the proportions of his soul. One of the most illuminating of all his utterances is the brief statement made when he learned that

certain ministers of Springfield would support Judge Douglas. "These gentlemen know," said Mr. Lincoln, "that Judge Douglas does not care a cent whether slavery in the territories is voted up or voted down, for he repeatedly has told them so. They know that I do care." Lincoln then drew from his pocket a copy of the New Testament and continued, "I do not so understand this book. I know that there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I know that I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself can not stand, and Christ and reason say the same and they will find it so!" This was the faith that put the look on Lincoln's face!

AND what has that look done? It has illumined the world. There is no darkness of autocratic government anywhere that it does not penetrate; there is no down-trodden people to which it does not send a ray of hope. It has for all the races of oppressed the warmth of brotherhood. It is a deathless torch for freedom. Today only one beacon shines farther—the light of the Cross, that "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln dead,
In any vault neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid,
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
He is not dead!"

The Lines in That Face

"Why, Papa, he isn't ugly. He is beautiful."

It was a little girl who said this as she put her little, chubby hands up to the big deep-lined face, & looked with confidence into the kindly eyes. Her father had taken her to see President Lincoln. The President had taken her upon his knee, & this was the retort of the child's deep intuition and discernment.

The story is told of a certain famous lawyer, who, upon seeing his photograph, turned to the photographer, and said: "What have you done to me?"

"Why," said the photographer, "I have just taken out the lines."

"Taken out the lines!" shouted the attorney. "Why, sir, it has taken me twenty years to have those lines put in!"

And so it is with this face of Lincoln. It would be hard to imagine it without the lines. Here ran the line made by the burdens of four million slaves; here was the long, deep line of his struggling & wounded men; this was from the hurt of traitors at his side, and this from the lash of his counselors, who should have been his friends. If ever a man's history was graven in his face, surely it was Lincoln's, above all others in the world.

In Egyptian Hall today we shall try to show more clearly the meaning of those lines to us. With our music, pictures & stories of this



grand man, we shall try to make him nearer & dearer to us all, on this, the hundredth anniversary year of his birth.

All are invited to the capacity of Egyptian Hall Morning at eleven, afternoon at three.

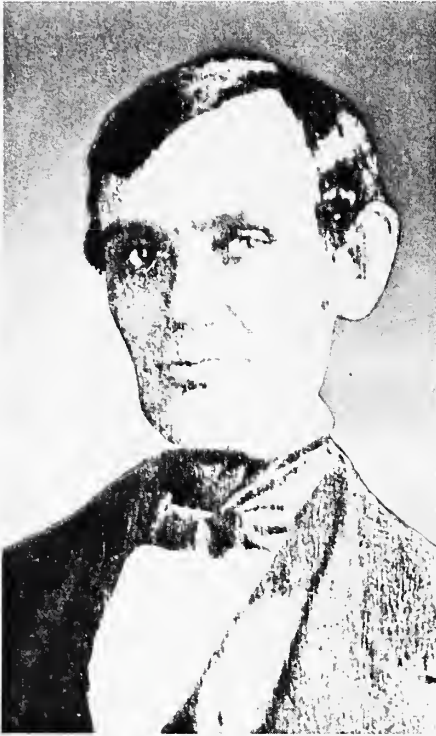
*F*aces, faces, faces. A life-long kaleidoscope of them: all different, all revealing, one of creation's greatest miracles and one of man's choicest memories.

"Names," says Dr. Poling, "we forget. But not faces. . . . And what a marvelous thing that no two faces are ever exactly alike!

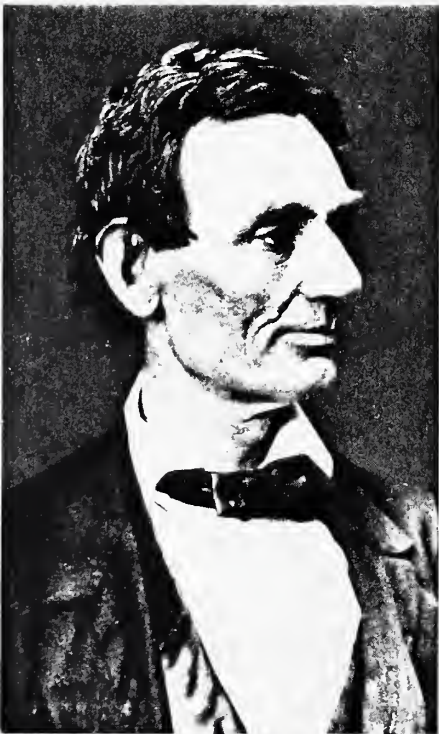
"What made the look on Lincoln's face? Four things supremely—*sorrow, love, faith, service*; what he felt, what he experienced, what he believed, what he did. . . .

"And any man or woman or child who becomes, like Lincoln, the partner of God may receive the gift of the generous look—the look that was on Lincoln's face."

The Faces of Lincoln



The earliest surviving picture of Lincoln was taken by N. H. Shepherd in Springfield, Illinois, in 1846. At this time Mr. Lincoln began his political career by successfully campaigning for Representative to Congress.



Less than a month after Lincoln's nomination as the Republican candidate for President, this photo was taken in Springfield, Illinois, by Alexander Hester. The time was May 8, 1860.

THE FACES OF LINCOLN... the face of a leader. A face, described by writer David R. Locke, (pen name Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby) as "the most thoughtful face I have ever seen; I never saw a more dignified face. I never saw so sad a face."

Sculptors, artists and writers still find the face of Lincoln one of fascination. According to them, there is something about the man, and the face, that is unfathomable.

The face of Lincoln, like the face of every man, changed with the years. Perhaps Lincoln's reflected a greater change because of the tremendous responsibility that he shouldered during his Presidency, and even before.

From childhood, Lincoln progressed through many stages of development...from farmer, to riverman, to storekeeper, to postmaster and surveyor, and then into political life. Each stage was a plateau, and each plateau higher than the last. Lincoln was climbing. Ascending, not at a rapid rate, but steadily; learning and growing as he went, until finally he reached the pinnacle...the Presidency of the United States.

These are the stages behind the faces and wisdom of our 16th President. And, in "adopting the name of Abraham Lincoln, this Company assumes the responsibility of measuring up to that great name in character, integrity, and thoughtful human service." Lincoln, the man who gave his life to the ideal, "I am for those means which will give the greatest good to the greatest number."



One of the few good profiles of Lincoln, this picture was taken by C. S. German in Springfield in February, 1861, one month before Lincoln's inauguration as President of the United States.



On January 1, 1863, Lincoln issued the final version of the Emancipation Proclamation. On November 19, four days after this picture was taken by Alexander Gardner, he gave the immortal address at Gettysburg.

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